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{ From Beginning
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DESIRE.

THOU, who dost dwell alone —
 Thou, who dost know thine own —
 Thou to whom all are known
 From the cradle to the grave —
 Save, oh, save !

From the world's temptations,
 From tribulations ;
 From that fierce anguish
 Wherein we languish ;
 From that torpor deep
 Wherein we lie asleep
 Heavy as death, cold as the grave ;
 Save, oh, save !

When the soul, growing clearer,
 Sees God no nearer ;
 When the soul, mounting higher,
 To God comes no nigher,
 But the archfiend Pride
 Mounts at her side,
 Foiling her high emprise
 Sealing her eagle eyes,
 And, when she fain would soar,
 Makes idols to adore ;
 Changing the pure emotion
 Of her high devotion
 To a skin-deep sense
 Of her own eloquence ;
 Strong to deceive, strong to enslave —
 Save, oh, save !

From the ingrain'd fashion
 Of this earthly nature
 That mars thy creature ;
 From grief that is but passion,
 From mirth that is but feigning,
 From tears that bring no healing ;
 From wild and weak complaining ;
 Thine old strength revealing,
 Save, oh, save !

From doubt, where all is double,
 Where wise men are not strong ;
 Where comfort turns to trouble ;
 Where just men suffer wrong,
 Where sorrow treads on joy ;
 Where sweet things soonest cloy ;
 Where faiths are built on dust,
 Where love is half mistrust,
 Hungry and barren, and sharp as the sea,
 Oh, set us free !

O let the false dream fly
 Where our sick souls do lie,
 Tossing continually !
 O where thy voice doth come
 Let all doubts be dumb ;
 Let all words be mild,
 All strife be reconciled,
 All pains beguiled.
 Light bring no blindness,
 Love no unkindness ;
 Knowledge no ruin,
 Fear no undoing.
 From the cradle to the grave,
 Save, oh, save !

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

EVEN-SONG.

THE Day is spent and hath his will on mee ;
 I and ye Sunn have runn our races :
 I went ye slower, yet more paces ;
 For I decay, not hee.

Lord, make Thou my loss up, and sett mee
 free,
 That I, who cannot now by day
 Look on his dazing brightness, may
 Shine then more bright than hee.

If Thou deferr this light, then shadow mee,
 Least that the Night, earth's gloomy shade,
 Fouling her nest, my earth invade,
 As if shades knew not Thee.

But Thou art Light and Darkness both to-
 gether,
 If that be dark we cannot see,
 The sunn is darker then a Tree,
 And Thou more dark than either.

Yet thou art not so dark since I know this,
 But that my darknes may touch Thine,
 And hope that may teach it to shine
 Since Light Thy darknes is.

O lett my Soule, whose keyes I must deliver
 Into the hands of senceles dreams,
 Wh know not Thee, suck in Thy beames,
 And wake with Thee forever.

GEO. HERBERT.

ATOM, THE ARCHITECT.

(Vide TYNDALL, at Manchester.)

THESE " architectural Atoms " ! O 'tis fine
 To see humanity so sadly dwindle !
 Let Michael Angelo and Wren resign ;
 Atoms can build Cathedrals, so says Tynd-
 dall.

Architect Atom raises a metropolis,
 And never lets the shrewd contractor
 swindle ;
 He thus erected Athens's Acropolis
 Amid the violet ether, so says Tyndall.

Has Nature any being, any thing,
 That can a higher kind of fancy kindle ?
 Chance makes the roses bloom, the thrushes
 sing,
 The pretty girls grow prettier. So says
 Tyndall.

Shallow Professor ! the eternal Fates
 Sit silently and turn the fearful spindle ;
 And that great wheel of doom the moment
 waits
 To crush the sceptic silliness of Tyndall.

Punch.

From The London Quarterly Review.
THE EGYPTIAN BOOK OF THE DEAD.*

TRUTHS which no man of himself could ever have conceived were known to sages of both East and West long before the mission of Moses. Considering the superior antiquity of Moses before Herodotus, and of most of the Hebrew prophets before the Greek and Latin poets, we might conclude that the younger borrowed from the elder, and that the wiser classics owe some of their wisdom to the Bible, and such a conclusion we consider to be reasonable enough. But, after all, it is undeniable that we now possess written monuments of older date than the oldest of the inspired Scriptures, and that these monuments contain truths which inspired writers had not yet given to the world, but which no man could have known unless they had been revealed to him, directly or indirectly, by God. How is this to be accounted for?

Was there not a primeval revelation from above? Did not some portions of mankind retain the tradition of a faith transmitted through Noah to the postdiluvian world? And was not that tradition continued down to the giving of the Mosaic law, and thence more fully and authoritatively sent to us by authenticated prophets, and by Christ and the Apostles made known yet more perfectly? We believe that it was so. There were ancient vestiges of a faith in the resurrection and immortality of man, a final judgment, and a future state of reward or punishment; but these were things unseen, and therefore not possible to be known by direct evidence or human testimony; could only be made known at first by divine teaching, and only such teaching could command entire faith. "Faith cometh by hearing," and men

cannot believe what they have not heard on sure authority.

It is, however, just possible that a speculative philosopher might put forth notions of resurrection and a future state. He might, by bare possibility, devise such a process of conjecture concerning the existence of a soul, distinct from the body, and capable of living without the body, as a few deists of the last century ingeniously imagined for themselves, and, after such a happy conception, he might pursue his fancy without restraint; but, although he had commanded the assent of many thoughtless lovers of what is marvellous, and believers of what is incredible, he would certainly provoke the contradiction of many others, and raise such a controversy on insufficient data as would be likely to issue in general unbelief. We see not any trace of such controversy, but there are signal traces of a widely spread faith in the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, a final judgment to be pronounced on men's actions, and a future state. Recently deciphered monuments, bearing these traces, powerfully stimulate curiosity and invite study. The monuments to which we now refer are chiefly Egyptian and Assyrian. The latter are comparatively few, but are likely to be much increased and very much better known within a very short time, and we shall therefore but glance at them in passing; the former, from Egypt, are now read with comparative ease by a daily increasing number of Egyptian scholars. Amidst much error, and nearly lost in an inextricable agglomeration of absurdities, they nevertheless contain so much of what we can only conceive to be originally revealed truth, that some sceptical critics fancy them to be in some way the originals of our sacred books, and imagine that either we have in the Bible a mere reproduction of truths at first evolved by dint of reasoning, or that the works of our inspired writers are no more than copies of originally heathen legends. The earlier generations of mankind, they may say, knew the doctrine of a future life, and therefore no inspiration was needed for Job, or Jesus, or St.

* 1. *Egypt's Place in Universal History*. By C. J. BARON BUNSEN, D.Ph., &c. Translated from the German, by SAMUEL BIRCH, LL.D. London: 1867. Vol. V.

2. *Älteste Texte des Tottenbuchs, nach Sarkophagen des altägyptischen Reichs im Berliner Museum, herausgegeben*. Von R. LEPSIUS. Berlin: 1867.

3. *Satan Sinsin, sive Liber Metempsychosis veterum Egyptiorum*. Edidit HENRICUS BRUGSCH. Berolini: 1851.

4. *Die ägyptische Gräberwelt*. Von HEINRICH BRUGSCH. Leipzig: 1868.

Paul, to teach over again what the elder civilization of the world believed already. This, however, is forgetting that what was originally known had ceased to be thought of, or was obstinately disbelieved, or was so obscured by fable and falsehood, that a renewed revelation, and nothing less, was required to bring back life and immortality to light. We therefore attach high importance to the evidences of a primeval faith that are interwoven with the remains of old systems of religion, however false. A chief witness of the kind is the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*. When that large collection of mingled myth and tradition is laid side by side with the inspired writings of the Bible, notwithstanding their utter contrariety in all but the little that is common to them both, the fundamental truth that was dimly shadowed forth and sadly disguised in Egypt, appears clear as meridian light in Palestine. The *Book of the Dead*, and a few other books of the same kind, if indeed they be not all fragments of the same, contain unquestionable fragments of the primeval revelation of immortality in which we venture to believe. The very learned Egyptologues whose names are placed at the head of this article, all of them above suspicion of credulity or speculation, have enabled us to read the book. Dr. Lepsius, many years ago, published the Egyptian text, and Dr. Birch gave the world a complete translation of it into English. *The Oldest Texts* of Lepsius comprehends the seventeenth chapter only, but is accompanied with a very comprehensive treatise. The fragment translated by M. Brugsch is also admirably edited, and the whole constitutes a mass of evidence on the subject before us amply sufficient for the information of any inquirer.

With regard to this part of the religion of the ancient Egyptians, Herodotus and Diodorus the Sicilian had long been the chief authorities. Herodotus is the more valuable of the two. He had visited Memphis and Thebes, the capitals of Lower and Upper Egypt, and also the famous sacerdotal city of Heliopolis, the On of Genesis (xli. 50), the An or Annu of the Egyptians, the Beth-Shemesh of

Jeremiah (xliii. 13), the Ἡλιόπολις, or City of the Sun, of the Septuagint. He conversed everywhere with the priests, was initiated into their mysteries, acquainted himself with the customs and traditions of the people, and transferred the results of his inquiries and observations to the second and third books of his history, written at least four centuries and a half before the Christian era. It was he who noticed the singular custom of a servant, at the close of a banquet, carrying round the wooden image of a corpse, or mummy, in a coffin, carved and painted to imitate nature, presenting it to each guest in turn, and saying, "Gaze here, and drink, and be merry, for when you die such will you be."* He does not seem to have taken this for an exhortation to grave reflection, but an incentive to merriment, as when Joseph's brethren drank and were merry with him.† The Grecian guest, considering what the priests told him of the condition of the dead, who would be honourably "justified" at the hour of death, and then received into the company of gods in their world of glory, there to feast in the luxury of a celestial paradise, would understand the invitation to drink and be merry at the sight of a painted corpse as an assurance that, after death, the departed would experience pleasure in a resurrection, or "manifestation to the light," which would speedily take place. Herodotus discloses the meaning of that festal ceremony more distinctly when he relates how the priests told him that the Egyptians had been the first to maintain a belief that the soul of man is immortal, that it enters into the body of an animal, and, after many transmutations, will be born again in the body of a man.‡ But the real doctrine of the Egyptians, and their very confident expectation of future happiness, was not fully known to ourselves until their ancient and long-forgotten language had been discovered, and their hieroglyphics and writing, sacred and popular, was ascertained and deciphered by learned men,

* Herod. II. 78.

† Gen. xliii. 34.

‡ Herod. II. 123.

many of whom are still alive and active in prosecution of the same study.

But we must not claim absolute priority for the Egyptians as holders of this belief in immortality. Four hundred and fifty years before Christ, the Egyptian priests told Herodotus that their remote ancestors were the first, thereby intimating that, by that time, there were others who taught the same doctrine, as we know there were. But monuments now existing tell us that, in an age at least equally remote, the same faith in immortality was held by the Chaldeans. The Deluge Tablet, first made known by Mr. George Smith in December 1872, contains a legend which may perhaps be attributed to a writer contemporary with Nimrod, and represents the hero of the deluge, Sisit, as a good man, rewarded with immortality for his piety, after the great gods had destroyed the sinners with a flood . . . turned the bright earth to a waste . . . destroyed all life from the face of the earth, because the world had turned to sin, and all the people were devoted to evil. The corpses of the doers of evil, and of all mankind who had turned to sin, floated like reeds on the waters, and not a man was saved from the deep. But, after all, when the anger of the gods was appeased by sacrifice, this good man who had built the ship wherein was preserved the seed of life, — this man Sisit, and his wife, and the people who were saved with them, were carried away to be like the gods.* The legend of the descent of Ishtar into the region of the departed, stamped in a brick tablet of apparently equal antiquity with the former, tells that the deceased were believed to be in a state of suffering under the inexorable queen who held them in severe captivity under bonds of darkness in that "house of eternity; the house men enter, but cannot depart from, by which road they go, but cannot return." The dismal territory was entered through seven gates. Inside the first gate, Ishtar was stopped, and the great crown — for she was a queen too — was taken

from her head. On entering the second gate, the ear-rings were taken from her ears. At the third gate the precious stones were taken off from her head. At the fourth the lovely gems were removed from her forehead. At the fifth the girdle was taken off her waist. At the sixth the golden rings were taken off her hands and feet. At the seventh the last garment was taken from her body. There she sat, humbled and forlorn, in an abode of darkness, where their food was earth, and their nourishment clay; where light never broke eternal night; where ghosts were heard flitting about invisible, like night-birds, and the dust lay undisturbed on gates that never might be opened. This and much more is written on a clay tablet in the British Museum, translated by Mr. Fox Talbot, and revised by Mr. Smith.* This was penal death, as men understood death to be when Babylon was newly built, and when the great necropolis of Erech, a city founded soon after Babylon, was receiving the mortal remains of people from the most ancient group of cities in the postdiluvian world. Thus early were the horrors of an eternal prison believed to be the impending punishment of man's transgressions, where all the guilty alike would lie prostrate in a second death. There were the sovereign and the slave, the fallen warrior, the discrowned queen, the maiden robbed of her costly garments and sparkling jewels, all despoiled alike, none permitted to carry aught away from the world of the living into the world of the dead.

Yet men were not left in this world to perish without hope. We read from one tablet of an Assyrian offering prayer for his dying brother: "May his soul fly like a bird to a lofty place! May it return to the holy hands of its God!" On another tablet it is imprinted that the gods "approach the body of the sick man. . . . They bring a *khisibta* (jewel?) from their heavenly treasury; they bring a *sisbu* from their lofty storehouse; to the precious *khisibta* they pour forth a

* *Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archaeology*. Vol. II. p. 213, &c. Longmans.

* *Records of the Past, being Translations of Assyrian and Egyptian Monuments*. Edited by Dr. Birch. Bagster. Vol. I. p. 143.

hymn. "That righteous man, let him now depart. May he rise as bright as that *khisisbita*! May he soar on high like that *sisou*! Like pure silver may his figure shine! Like brass may it be radiant! To the sun, greatest of the gods, may it return! And may the sun, greatest of the gods, receive the saved soul into his holy hands!"* Apart from the polytheism, which already cursed mankind, the sin, no doubt, which brought down the deluge, the fact that one of the first-established nations after that event held fast by the belief in a future state of rewards and punishments is what relates to our present subject. We have digressed from Egypt to Assyria, as having priority in respect of time, and for the sake of observing that Egypt is believed to have been peopled from Asia, and derived her knowledge thence, not from the African continent. In physiognomy, language, and in religion, the peoples differed greatly, as might be expected after the separation of the sons of Noah and their families, with the confusion of tongues. At the same time their agreement in essential articles of belief in relation to the future state warrants the persuasion that before the deluge, the confusion of tongues, and the dispersion of families, their faith, or so much of the true faith as remained among them, was the same, even as the primeval revelation given to the first men must have been the same.

Returning now to the Egyptians, we at once observe how eminently they were distinguished by careful respect for the bodies of their dead. Cost and skill were lavished on the construction and adorning of their tombs, no less than on their palaces. Some of the greatest works of Egypt were finished in honour of their dead. As if it was possible to make corruptible flesh imperishable, and to frustrate the all-consuming purpose of death, as soon as the last breath was drawn embalmers were employed to prevent putrefaction by steeping the body in nitre, filling the cavities with spices, and swathing it from head to foot in fine linen, smeared with gum. When well dried and hardened, the mummy was laid in a case, usually adorned richly, and then the case was deposited in a marble chest, or sarcophagus, and perhaps that again in another. Thus protected, the body lay without corruption in the pure

atmosphere of Egypt, never to decay nor be preyed upon by worm or mould. The design was to preserve the earthly tenement ready to be occupied again by the immortal tenant after passing through the transmigrations of many ages, and the marvellous preservation of thousands of mummies demonstrates that if such reanimation were possible it might have actually taken place. For some of them have lain uninjured for three or four thousand years, or even much longer. The preparation, therefore, was as complete as man could make it. Desiccated corpses have been unswathed and found as hard as iron. Yet the process of mummification has not destroyed the flesh, and Mr. Pettigrew relates that after patiently macerating a piece of mummy in warm water, it recovered the softness and natural appearance of flesh. Freed from the mummifying substance, and exposed to the action of the air, it was smitten with putridity, and after the amazing pause of at least three thousand years between vital activity and utter dissolution, there came visibly the material fulfilment of the sentence, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." The effort to evade the sentence had been made in blind and uninstructed faith, yet faith so strong in its way, and so sincere, for aught we know to the contrary, that it may now rebuke the unbelief of this generation, even as the penitents of Nineveh might arise in judgment to rebuke the more guilty unbelievers of Jerusalem.

In the museums of Europe may be seen sarcophagi covered with elaborate inscriptions, incised with patient art, the characters clear and legible as when made in the remote ages of Egypt's glory. In the Sarcophagus Museum, for example, there is one said to be the finest known. It is said to be the sarcophagus of Rameses II., older than the Exodus, cut from a block of pure Oriental alabaster that rings at the touch, and covered inside and outside with a graphic symbolism of the transmigrations of the departed, hieroglyphic imagery being mingled with sacred writing. It is a grand example of what generally covers the sarcophagi of kings and priests. Similar records were also written in papyrus rolls, which are sometimes laid in folds between the legs of mummies, as if to await perusal when the triumphant soul, with the attendant intellect tested and purified, shall return after mysterious wanderings on the expiration of

* *Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archaeology*. Vol. II. pp. 29, 31.

thousands, or even millions of years, as once they dreamed. The writing, wherever found, consists of sentences, varying alike in number and in purport, very various in the less important wording of the contents, and now spoken of collectively as the *Book of the Dead*. The sections, whether more or fewer, are each headed by a word which is translated "chapter," and, as a received edition of the book from a manuscript at Turin now stands, the number of chapters is 163. But there is an unknown variety of texts, changing with times, and usually becoming more diffuse as time advances. Each text may be supposed to exhibit the doctrine prevailing at the time in the part of Egypt where it was written, while successive editions, found in these nearly imperishable monuments, exhibit the doctrine concerning the dead in a constantly enlarging form. The oldest are therefore the most valuable, as being nearest to the original conception, and least distant from the primeval revelation, so far as that revelation may have been known in Egypt ages before Joseph was sold to Potiphar.

Our authority for this account of comparative antiquity is Dr. Lepsius, who has published what he believes to be a fragment of the oldest text, and translates an inscription on a sarcophagus of Mentuhotep, a king or prince of the eleventh, or earliest Theban dynasty. But although the highest antiquity has been claimed for Thebes, Memphis and Lower Egypt, having been first peopled from Asia, are generally considered to be more ancient, and therefore the tradition of the first Memphite dynasty, if preserved, might have afforded a text more primitive than the oldest known to

MENTUHOTEP.

Mentuhotep, Master of the Palace, ever well pleasing before Rá, speaks in the chapter of the uprising on the day of days in the Lower World.

It becomes the word :—

I am Tum, one Being. I am one. (év.)

I am Rá, First in his dominion.

Lepsius. He also gives a copy of the same seventeenth chapter from another sarcophagus of lesser antiquity, bearing the name of Sebak-aa. In all inscriptions mention is made of ornaments that were laid with the mummy. Lepsius draws attention to a plate of gold with an inscription to the purport following :—

Title.—Chapter of the collar of gold placed on the neck of the deceased.

Text.—Spoken by Osiris Aufank to the Justifier. My father is An. My mother is Isis. I understand. I see. I am one of the understanding ones.

Subscription.—Spoken over the collar of gold on which this chapter is written for him. Laid on the neck of the deceased person on the day of the burial.

The collar thus inscribed is an amulet laid on the breast or neck of the mummy, and the words thereon were to be spoken by the deceased when he came into the presence of the Justifier, so called, after the burial, and before what is called the uprising at the gate of the other world, and were also pronounced at the burial by the priest, who by that ceremony was supposed to impart to them their magic power. Or if not then by the priest, previously by the owner of the plate, who provided it for himself in his lifetime, in anticipation of the funeral. The name of the person to whom this collar belonged was Aufank, and, as was usual for the deceased to do, Aufank took to himself the name of Osiris. The seventeenth chapter from the *Book of the Dead*, in its older form, from the sarcophagus of Mentuhotep, set side by side with a later form of the same from the papyrus of Aufank, will assist the reader to perceive on what principle the enlargement of earlier texts proceeded.

AUFANK.

The chapter of the awakening of the dead; the uprising, and coming into the Lower World. Being among the attendants on Osiris, refreshed with the food of Unnofre the justified, uprisen *in the day of days*, living in all existences, where he delights to be at rest from wandering, dwelling in the hall as a living spirit. Osiris Aufank the righteous, the son of Setkem the righteous, among all that are *well-pleasing before* all the great gods of the West Land, at the time of his funeral procession, and of the festivities during preparation for the earth.

It becomes the speech of men, spoken by Aufank the righteous :—

I am Tum, as one Being. I am one as the primary water.

I am Rá in his dominion, in the beginning of his reign that he has assumed. What is that?

MENTUHOTEP.

I am the great God, existing of myself,

the creator of his name, the Lord of all gods,

whom no one among the gods resists.

I was yesterday; I know the morning Osiris
namely.

There had been made a battle-field of the
gods, as I said:—

There is the battle-field of the West Land,
namely.

I know the name of this great god that is
there.
Praise-of-Rā is his name.

I am Bennu, that great one who is wor-
shipped in On. It is the confirmation of that
which is.

What is that? It is Osiris.

It is that which is; that, namely, which is
ever, even that which is eternal.

I am Kem in his appearing, by whom both
feathers on my head have been appointed to
me.

What is that? His both feathers are those
of Horus, namely, of the avenger of his father.
His both feathers are

his both urāen*
on the breast of his father Tum.

I am in my land. I am come to my dwell-
ing-place. What is that?

The horizon, that is, of my father Tum.

AUFANK.

It is Rā in his dominion, in the beginning of
his reign. It is the beginning of Rā ruling in
Hat-Suten-Kenen, as a being of himself ex-
isting; the elevation of Nun which is on high
— Am-sesennu who has annihilated the chil-
dren of rebellion — on high Am-sesennu.

I am the great God, existing of myself; that
is to say, the water, that is to say, the godlike
original water, the father of the gods. [The
great God, existing of himself, is Rā, namely,
the primary water.]

The father of the gods, or also it is Rā, *the*
creator of his name, as *Lord of the gods*. What
is that? It is Rā, the creator of his members,
which are become the gods that are like unto
Rā. I am he *whom no one among the gods re-*
sists. What is that? Tum in his disc, or
even Rā in his disc, when he shines brightly
in the eastern horizon of the heavens.

I was yesterday; I know the morning. What
is that? It is that yesterday, *even Osiris*; it
is that to-morrow, even Rā. On that day
when the adversaries of the Lord of the uni-
verse (Osiris) shall be annihilated, and he is
confirmed by his son Horus, or also on that
day of the confirmation of Osiris through his
father Rā . . . *he has made a battle-field of the*
gods, as Osiris, Lord of the mountain of the
West, *commanded*.

What is that? *The West Land, namely*, was
made ready for the godlike spirits, as Osiris,
Lord of the mountain of the West, com-
manded; or also, the West Land, that is to
say, the remotest boundary, was given to Rā,
whither every God came to him; for which
also he has fought.

I know the great god that is in him. What
is that? It is Osiris, and also *Praise-of-Rā is*
his name; that is to say, *Life-of-Rā is* his
name, by which he engenders with himself.

I am Bennu, that great one who dwells in On,
I am the confirmation of all that which is.

What is that? It is Bennu-Osiris that is in
On.

The confirmation of all that is, his body;
or *that which is ever*, and *that which is eternal*.
It is that which is ever; the Day, to wit. It
is that which is eternal; the Night.

I am Kem in his both appearances, by whom
both my feathers on my head have been ap-
pointed to me.

What is that? Kem is Horus, that is to
say, the avenger of his father. His appearances
are his birth. *Both feathers on his head are*
the attendance of Isis and of Nephtys, which
have been placed behind him in their unity as
twin sisters. Behold, that is in relation to the
placing on his head *the both urāen*, namely, the
mighty great ones *on the breast of his father*
Tum. Or, also, his two eyes are the both
feathers on his head.

I am in the land; I am come to the dwell-
ing-place. What is that?

The horizon belongs to his father Tum.

* *Serpents*. In the Egyptian mythology some serpents were good, others evil.

It is obvious that the older and shorter text in the first column is enlarged on the second by the addition of explanatory words, and in this way the whole mass of funeral sentences was amplified, in course of time, to an indefinite extent, apparently with the intention of making it intelligible to an initiated Egyptian, but with the actual effect of making it more obscure to those who read it now, when the mythology of Egypt seems to be inextricably confused, or, as M. Edouard Naville well says, *inexplorée*.^{*} The gods not only change names and forms at pleasure, but they absolutely lose identity, melt away into one another, and mock every possible relation among themselves. Yet amidst this incessantly tantalizing contradiction, there is a constant assertion of the immortality of man, his manifestation to light, or his doom to interminable transmigrations for purgation from sin, and the eventual reunion of the purified soul with the deserted human body—a characteristic delusion of heathenism borrowed by the Jews after the captivity, and revived in a corrupted Christianity. There was always the same aspiration after a state of more perfect happiness, and an ambition of the Egyptians to be clothed with divinity, to assume the very nature of the gods, and even to be identified, one by one, with the gods of their peculiar choice.

From age to age it was persistently believed that the eminently pure and upright man would become at once a renovated human person after death, and an incarnate god. A prevalent idea was that every such living man, having been from eternity a god, had assumed the person whose name he bore, and which name would, after death, be perpetuated in the tomb, while the body would be left behind in the mummy-case, and the Theanthrope, so to call him, would be reabsorbed into his divine existence.

Birth into earthly life was death. This world was darkness. Death itself was manifestation into light. "The day," so called with euphemistic brevity, after the objective and mystical manner of expression which characterizes the oldest formulas of the *Book of the Dead*, stands for the day of uprising, of judgment, of justification; not so much with allusion to the light of the sun-god, shining in the lower world, or to the glorious brightness of the light of heaven, in contradis-

inction to terrestrial gloom, as to that one long anticipated day of trial in the Hall of Truth, the *dis illa*, the day before all other days which ought to be in every one's thought, and in the unnumbered ages to follow would be in every one's memory. "The justified," disencumbered of his earthly load, in that day enters into life again. He then takes possession of his proper home, and in due time will taste the more perfect pleasures of Elysium. It was requisite, however, that on reaching the portals of the west he should assert his divine dignity, and solemnly present himself to the gods, his fellows, to challenge their open recognition. Therefore he asserted his identity with Rá, the sun, with Osiris, chief god of the dead, and other high divinities, whose names he borrowed in succession, united with his own. But inasmuch as Rá became Osiris when divested of his diurnal brightness, and bearing rule in the lower world, every deceased person had that name prefixed to his own earthly name, and was called "The Osiris."

Osiris, according to this theory, was none other than Rá; the sun, shorn of his external glory, until clothed with light again. He rose every morning on the eastern horizon, mounted up to the zenith, and as he rushed on his course, again from the top of heaven seeking the western bound, he received from morn to even adorations, changing every hour. Entering the portal of the west at sunset, he revisited the lower world, which men think to be dark, and there bore mild sway through the hours of night, until, with sunrise, he rose again in the east. Here, to follow the Egyptian fable, he was begotten anew, and came from the region of spirits into this inferior world. At the dawn of day he is no more than Horus, the child, pictured as a boy, sitting in the lap of the moon-god, Isis. Now that he is Horus, son of Rá, they call him Horus-Rá. Anew he starts upon the circling career of day. So is the oldest of the gods rejuvenate, and by noon grows into maturity again. Again they call him Rá. Rá rushes onward in his might, then he expires at sunset, then again he revives, in the gentler form of Osiris, and reigns the night through in the lower world. This perpetual transformation goes on, as every circle goes, without an end.

Following Lepsius now, in the attempted simplification of this mystery, we note that the life of a good man—an

^{*} *Introduction aux Textes relatifs à la Mythologie d'Horus*. Genève et Bâle. 1870.

Osiris—is an *avatar* of the one God under many varieties of name; each member of that divine unity being, so to speak, detached from the exhaustless body for a season to be restored to it again. The life of a Pharaoh, in his supreme power, partook of the godhead more largely than any other being. He was a god in the form of a man; he bore the most sublime resemblance possible of Rá, or at least of the youthful Horus-Rá. His earthly reign was, or ought to be, a repetition on earth of his brilliant image in the sky. The death of a man so linked with the divinity was but the transit of Rá-Osiris from the supramundane form to the submundane. This twofold being, conscious of an immortal majesty, looked with a lofty complacency on death, and was only careful to prepare an enduring habitation in everlasting marble to receive the body which, from its birth, had been the shrine of a god. He used the utmost art to have that shrine preserved from corruption by embalming, and prepared for it a tomb in rock or pyramid. The precious alabaster, the firm granite, the adamantine porphyry that never would decay, should serve him for coffin, and he trusted that the sanctity of the place where his sacred body was deposited would protect that shrine from desecration.

Leaving the well-guarded mummy there, the Pharaoh was taught to believe that when, like the setting sun, he, being justified, reached the lower world, in company with spirits like himself, he, Osiris-Rá, would subdue the strength and rage of the crowd of envious fiends that were collected there to withstand returning gods; that then he should make himself known by his names divine and human, make himself acknowledged as one that is wise, and prove his identity with the God most High. The priests promised him that he would fight royally with the malignant fiends, and vanquish them with godlike might. They assured him that he would stand justified by Thoth, the god of letters, and the judge of the departed against all accusers, and that, being readmitted into the world of delights, he would enjoy that world much after the very worldly manner that we hear Mohammedans expect to enjoy their paradise. Who, now, can wonder at the pride of a Pharaoh?

But if the apotheosis was only to be accomplished after so stiff a conflict, even a king of Egypt, languishing on his death-bed, might well tremble at the pros-

pect, and regard the end of his earthly life as the most awful period, or crisis, of his existence. Before he could be admitted to the happy life of eternity he would have to be justified by the merit of the life he was leaving, and make good his claim against every accuser. Only when that was done could he boldly walk forward and partake of the material enjoyments prepared for the justified. Being justified, he might receive the choice varieties of meat and drink, and consume them as his due. Then he would ascend into heaven, leaving earth far below, and be admitted as a pure spirit into the presence of Rá and of Tum, whose praises the happy gods and demons are ever singing. His wife would be there with him. His son and heir whom they had left behind would come up and offer adoration to himself. Symbolic pictures on the coffins represent the deified Pharaoh in the barge of Rá, which, rowed by a crew of gods, is floating in the clear empyreum; and there they are praying to Rá, and Tum, and Koper.

This presupposes a very strict ordeal. Before a man can make his way into that lofty region he must not only be justified from all blame, but crowned as in a triumph. The use of his members, paralyzed by death,—by death whose dread reality no fanatical illusions could ever hide,—must be restored to him. Speech to the mouth, pulsation to the heart, motion and firmness to the feet, and skill to the hands. Then the hero shall subdue ferocious beasts, and then shall he receive heavenly endowments. Then the sense of hearing, once lost to him when he left this world, shall be so restored and heightened that he shall enjoy the songs of the blessed, and sing as well as they. This was his resurrection. But how the members of his body were to regain life while they lay in the mummy-cloths, hardened and immovable for long ages on the marble bed, surely they could not conceive. Probably they were taught that the gods would give the good man another body in its stead, and indeed the constant language of the book we have before us does imply as much. Such conceptions lingered in Egypt in the days of the Apostles, and yet later. It was even then believed that the departed did enjoy the uprising or resurrection minutely described in the *Book of the Dead*, and this may be quite sufficient to account for a saying of St. Paul that certain persons had overthrown the

faith of some, saying that the resurrection was past already.*

With all its absurdity there is grandeur in this myth. It is too grand, and certainly too elaborate, to have been the invention of any single mind. A poet of lively imagination might possibly have conceived something of the kind, but he would have needed more than human power of persuasion to graft his figment on the public mind, to make his dream the standard of general belief, to make the wealth, the power, the high artistic skill, the heart and soul of an entire nation subservient to his fancy, to elaborate a written faith that should outlast dynasty after dynasty, enduring, as their system did endure, for thousands of years from the foundation of Egypt in the depth of its pre-historic antiquity down to the days of Porphyry when the world was beginning to turn away from heathenism to Christianity; for we know that all this time it did keep hold upon the mind and habits of the Egyptians from the borders of Nubia to the waters of the Mediterranean Sea, and retained its power even while their minds and habits were so often divided, and so intimately disturbed by the intrusion of foreign elements that, notwithstanding an unequalled wealth of monumental record, their history cannot be easily deciphered, their chronology is not likely to be settled, and their mythology remains unexplored. Nothing but an element of truth laying hold upon the conscience antecedent to the mass of error and false worship could have given it persistence. Such an element was the primary doctrine of the unity of God and the immortality of man. This doctrine did not proceed from any single teacher that we hear of, neither was it slowly developed in the course of ages, but existed from the first, and continued to the last, although overlaid and shrouded with an ever-thickening disguise of fable. The fundamental truths were ever there, not wrought out by the persevering study of the priests nor made up from accumulating legends, nor spelt out by the interpreters of mystic ceremonies, but abiding in spite of the myth, the legend and the mystery. They were essential to the wisdom of Egypt which Moses learned and Iamblicus expounded, and you may strip off the amplification of the later texts as much as you please, go back to the briefest forms of earliest confession, and re-

move the mass of mythology that followed, and in the residue that is left you will still find the vital and imperishable truth that there is an essential Godhead irrespective of the names of gods, that the soul of man is immortal in spite of his earthly death, and that a momentous futurity awaits him.

This truth, not being the invention of a *vates*, nor yet of traditionary growth, but originating in an ancient source, purest when youngest; gradually corrupted, yet never extinct; such truth can only be regarded as a divine gift originally revealed from heaven, as much a gift of God as human speech or human conscience. It must have been given to man before Egypt was—imparted to the first of men before mankind wandered away from their Father in Heaven, before the creature made upright had wrought out many inventions. It was as certainly given to man as life was given, when the Creator breathed into him the breath of life, and made him a living soul.

Therefore, when it is said that the immortality of the soul was not known to Moses and the Hebrews, nor to the writers of the Old Testament in general—although the Old Testament contains internal evidence to the contrary—or that it was so faintly received by the Hebrews of the Exodus as not to be thought of at the giving of the Mosaic Law, and that the thought of rewards and punishments in a future state did not influence the legislator, nor affect the nation, we can now meet the allegation with a confident reply. We can show that the contrary appears in all the monuments of Egypt, contemporaneous with Moses, many ages before his time, and many ages after him. Incidentally, too, we know that this allegation of ignorance is equally discordant with all that bears any relation to the subject in the ancient monuments of Chaldea and Assyria, as well as with the confession of Job and the exultant faith of David.

As to the doctrine of the divine unity, which sharply contrasts with the polytheism of Egypt in the *Book of the Dead*, we must remind the reader of the passage we have seen in the seventeenth chapter, as given from the sarcophagus of Mentuhotep: "*I am Tum, one Being I am one.*" Lepsius translates the Egyptian by, "*Ich bin Tum, ein Wesen (das) ich eines bin.*" So he expresses his perception of the original hieroglyph, and recalls a sentence in the New Testament,

* 2 Tim. ii. 17, 18.

ἐγὼ καὶ ὁ πατήρ EN Iqnef. Here we observe that the sentence of the Evangelist and the sentence of the hierophant are precisely parallel, the same grammatical form being chosen by both to express the same mystery of the unity of God. The commentary in the Aufank papyrus, as quoted by Lepsius, adds, "as primary water," rendered by the learned German, "*Ich eines bin, als urgewässer.*" Then the Egyptian explainer of the name Tum says that it means, "He that is locked up (out of sight), he that is hidden," was only one. It was the indestructible germ of unity which lay in the primal water, that abyss, the great deep, whence all things rose. This, however, represents the esoteric teaching of the priests, not the vulgar notion of "the gods of Egypt," the polytheistic perception of the matter alone familiar to Pharaoh and to his servants, and communicated to the people by the magicians in their conflict with Moses and Aaron.

Having learned, not only from Greek historians, but from actual monuments of the old Egyptians themselves, that they acknowledged one God, the Father of all, Creator of the world, and believed themselves immortal, and that they and their successors, although retaining these articles of primeval revelation, fell deeper and deeper into practical polytheism with its inseparable folly and depravity, we must not fail to observe how these facts confirm an explicit statement of St. Paul, who wrote not less than 2,500 years after Mentuhotep. The Apostle* describes the gradual departure of the Gentile world from an original knowledge of essential truth, and the moral degradation consequent. Originally, he tells us, they held the truth, but did not retain God in their knowledge. God had shown unto them that which might be known of Him. The invisible things of Him were clearly seen from the creation of the world. His eternal power and Godhead were clearly understood. They knew God; but, when they knew Him, they glorified Him not as God. They became vain in their imaginations. Their foolish heart was darkened. They changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man. They professed themselves to be wise, but became fools. They changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator.

The language of St. Paul does not de-

scribe sudden defection, but gradual departure from a known standard of faith in God, from purity in worship, and from the moral restraints of religion. Patient research will certainly lead to demonstrative evidence that when the hieroglyphic pictures and hieratic writing were cut into the marbles which now yield so rich treasure to the Egyptologists, the Egyptians had not sunk so low as they were in the days of the Apostles, but were less unlike the theists to whom he pointedly refers in the former lines of his description. We have not now space to pursue this line of inquiry, and must therefore be content with producing a single indication out of many which continually occur in course of reading, that the progress of departure from a primitive form of truth might be traced by noting the succession of innovations, the successive invention of new fables, or admission of new tenets, as time advanced. The relation of Osiris to the dead and to the lower world, with the assumption of his name for the deceased, has been just now noted, and this constitutes the principal feature in the doctrine of the dead, as this branch of Egyptian mythology may be called. But "it is remarkable," says Dr. Birch in one of his contributions to the *Zeitschrift für ägyptische Sprache*,* "that although the existence of the Osiris myth can be traced as early as the fourth dynasty, as shown in the tombs of the period, from the constant adoration paid to Anup, or Anubis, an inferior personage in the same myth, yet no individual, however high in rank, receives that designation till the fifteenth dynasty. This shows a distance of about 400 or 420 years between the first appearance of an essential feature of this religion to an important practical application of it, and on the collation of but a few more examples of the kind might be conducted a very useful retrospective chart, with probable estimate of the state of doctrine at the time of the earliest records known." We can conceive that the result of such a review in Egypt would be very satisfactory, but when we read the vain imaginings of those who wrote with advancing license in the *Book of the Dead*, speaking of objects visible, but so unable to understand what they saw that they invested every object with the garb of wildest fable, and so ignorant of humanity and of themselves that they could only boast how just they were, and

* Rom. I. 19-25.

Z. f. ä. Sprache, April, 1869.

how well-pleasing to the gods; how they fancied themselves to be divine, no less than members of the Supreme, Omnipotent, All-present, and Eternal One, one with Tum, the root of all existences, and fountain of all the vitality and power in the universe; one with Rá, the glorious radiance of the Godhead, one with Osiris, eternal too, we acknowledge that, professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and perceive how inevitably they fell into the creature-worship that was prevalent in Egypt at the time when they had the Hebrews in captivity. Neither can we be surprised at the ridiculous forms of creature-worship described by a Roman satirist in verses so often quoted that it would be superfluous to quote them now.

After Juvenal, in the first century of our era, came Porphyry in the third. Juvenal had derided the Egyptians for worshipping leeks and other matters, or paying them extravagant reverence equivalent with worship; but there is some reason to apprehend that the Romans represented them to be more besotted than they really were, even in those latter times, and we do not think that in the age of Moses there was yet any certain trace of Nigritian fetishism. Porphyry attacked their superstitions with argument, indeed, but with his own unfeeling cynicism. He wrote a letter to Anebo, an Egyptian slave, containing hard questions about the religion of Egypt, which poor Anebo had not skill to answer, but Iamblicus, his master, took up the correspondence, and wrote a letter to Porphyry which is still extant. Iamblicus was a philosopher of Chalcis, superstitious enough, but profoundly versed in the subject on which he undertook to treat; and if the two men may be estimated by their writings, Iamblicus the philosopher was very far superior to Porphyry the sceptic. On examining this work of their apologist, it is to ourselves apparent that in spite of the pitiful trifling of priests and magicians, there yet remained among them a tradition of the truth. Even more than this—if Iamblicus did not overstate their case, there does appear a probability that the establishment of Jews in Egypt from the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and the subsequent establishment of Christianity, had served to revive the better element in the religion of the country, and create a better understanding of that truth.

Porphyry had begun his letter to Anebo concerning gods and good demons,

such gods and demons as we read of on the marbles and the papyri, with making a gratuitous concession that there are gods. Iamblicus resents the concession. He objects that there is contempt implied in the very thought of making such a concession of what is above doubt. "It is not right," he says, "to speak thus, for there exists in our very being the implanted knowledge of gods, *ἡ περὶ θεῶν ἐμφυρτος γνῶσις*, which, better than all judgment and choice preceding, anticipates reasoning and demonstration. It does not become us to speak of conceding the existence of gods and demons, as if such existence were doubtful, and as if the concession might therefore be withheld, for in this being we are contained, or rather we ourselves are filled with it, and whatever we are we owe to our knowledge of the gods."* Here we must remember the doctrine held by some Egyptians, at least, that Tum was the fountain of all being, the parent of all gods, who were no more than emanations from him, and that the good demons, or souls of justified men, returned into the same fountain of all spiritual existence; and at this point the degeneration of monotheism into pantheism was complete. Of this one God, however, Iamblicus does not cease to speak, either plainly or by implication, and says that the Egyptians "affirm that all things which exist were created, that *He who gave them being is their first Father and Creator*, προπατορὶς τε τῶν ἐν γενέσει δημιουργὸν προύρρουσι, and acknowledge the existence of a vital power before heaven was.† They say that Mercury, the Egyptian Thoth, taught, and that Bitys the prophet found it written in hieroglyphics, that the way to heaven was the name of God which penetrates through all the world.‡ Divine good they consider to be God, and *human good* to be union with Him, or, if we translate more exactly, *identification with Him* — τὸ δὲ ἀνθρώπινον τὴν πρὸς αὐτὸν ἑνώσειν. § all-penetrating name of this God answers The attribution of so great efficacy to the to the fact so conspicuous in the document now under review, that the name itself had power to frank its bearer into the lower world, together with gods and justified persons; and the *henosis* or unification of the good man with the one God, affirmed by Iamblicus, repeats what we read in the *Book of the Dead*.

* Iamblicus, *de Mysteriori*, sec. i. cap. 4.

† Ibid. viii. 4.

‡ Ibid. viii. 5.

§ Ibid. x. 8.

The name of "a god," or of "the god," that is Osiris, annihilates or does away with the accusers in the future state. Hence, no doubt, the mystery of prefixing it to the names and titles of the deceased, called Osiris. The deceased was protected by the mystery of the name from the ills which afflicted the dead. The goddess (Nut), painted and invoked on the coffin, was an additional security to her adopted son, the deceased King Mencheres.*

After this view of the chief points which are suggested by the works before us, it is time to glance over the *Book of the Dead*, as we have it in the lucid translation of Dr. Birch, who puts the cramped and mysterious Egyptian into plain English. The authorship of this *book*, as it is conventionally called, is attributed to Thoth, generally identified with the Hermes of the Greeks. The several fragments, or as much of existing parcels as were then adopted for use, are believed to have been collected into one mass some time in the twenty-sixth dynasty, from B.C. 664 to B.C. 525, or thereabout, and are usually called Hermetic. In all that relates to the state of the departed, as written by a god, the chapters were held to be inspired; they were the rule of faith, and with the rubrics prefixed to them they became the directory for practice. But the earliest appearance of rituals was in the eleventh dynasty. It was then that extracts of these sacred books were inscribed on the inner sides of the sarcophagi, more particularly portions of the seventeenth and other chapters, besides others that are not preserved in the papyrus above-quoted, and which probably had become obsolete at the later period when that papyrus was written.

The soul, this book taught, dies first when born into this world, and is imprisoned in human form, which becomes to it a living death. But notwithstanding this view of humanity, originally true enough, they paid even an excessive honour to the human person, and at least five principles were held necessary to complete a man, namely: — *Ba*, the soul, represented in hieroglyphic by the figure of a hawk with human head and arms, *Akh* or *Khu*, intelligence; *Ka*, existence, or breath of life; *Khaba*, or shade; *Kha*, or body; and lastly, the *Sah*, or mummy. The soul is not described as created, but the *Ka*, existence, or breath of life, is the

especial gift of Tum. The book opens with an address of Thoth himself, followed by addresses of the soul, immediately after the separation from the body, to the infernal gods. The defunct enumerates his titles to the favour of Osiris, and demands admission into his empire. The choir of glorified souls intervenes, supporting the prayer. The priest on earth speaks in his turn and implores divine clemency. Then Osiris encourages the defunct to speak to his father and enter freely into Amenti, the Hades of Egypt. Many chapters of less importance follow, relating to the first funeral ceremonies. At last the deceased is admitted into Amenti, and is amazed at the glory of the sun-god whom he sees for the first time there. He chants a hymn of praise, with many invocations. A chapter *Of Escaping out of the Folds of the Great Serpent* tells how he has defied Apophis, the evil one, and escapes from him. Passing through the gate of the west, as the sun Osiris, he has opened all his paths in heaven and earth, he has come from the mummy. The gods and goddesses give way before him.

Thus pass the first and second sections of the book. The third section contains fanciful speculations on *The Reconstruction of the Deceased*. A mouth is to be given him in Amenti, and opened by the faculty of speech. Charms are given him for the production of ideas, and another charm for giving him a name. A heart will be made for him, and the person so reconstructed will rejoice in the amplitude of his powers. Thus rejoicing, he exclaims (chap. 26): "My heart is given to me in the place of hearts, my heart in the place of hearts. I have received my heart, it is at peace within me. For I have not eaten food where Osiris is in the filthy east. Going and returning I have not gone (with indecision). I know what I have eaten, going and stopping (decidedly). My mouth has been given for me to speak, my legs to walk, my arms to overthrow my adversaries. I open the doors of heaven. I have passed Seb, the lord of the gods. I fly. He has opened my eyes wide. Anup (the god who weighs the souls in judgment) has fashioned my heel. I attach myself to him. I rise as Pasht the (cat-headed) goddess. I have opened heaven. I have done what is ordered in Ptah Ka. I know by my heart. I prevail by my heart. I prevail by my arm. I prevail

* Dr. Birch, in the *Zeitschrift für ägyptische Sprache und Alterthumskunde*, April, 1869, p. 51.

by my feet. I do what my soul wishes. My soul is not separated by my body from the gates of the west."

Great was the virtue of the 64th chapter, and it is very long. The rubric says:—"If this chapter is known, he has been justified upon earth. In Amenti he does all that the living do. It is the composition of a great god. This chapter was found at Sesennu (Hermopolis), on a brick of burnt clay, painted with real lapis lazuli, under the feet of the great god. It was found in the days of King Ramenkar, the justified.*"

Sixteen chapters relate to the preservation of the body in the sepulchre. Enchantments and amulets are supposed to guard it from violation by the hands of the profane, who would seek to steal away the consecrated heart, or to take away the mind, and to prevent the hungry crocodile from devouring the flesh, protect it from the gnawing worm, the snake, the tortoise, the malignant fiends, and the noisome vermin that swarm in the region of Karneker (the grave).

Nine chapters are provided for recitation by the living, to save the departed from a second death,—the first death being this present life,—from the defilement of evil, destruction in hell, and an eternal overthrow.

Twelve chapters concern the celestial diet, in which there shall be nothing loathsome, impure, or poisonous.

Other twelve chapters are supposed to describe "the manifestation to light" of the reconstructed human body, invested with undying powers, and surrounded with manifold defences against mortality. The departed one is assured that he shall come forth as the day, prevail against all enemies, break through the barriers of sepulchral night, and that as the god, after entering the gate of the west at sunset, emerges in the east with returning day, and mounts up into the meridian glory, so shall body and soul, the material and the divine again united, quit the earth, and ascend towards Aahenru, or Heaven.

Still unequal to the conception of so sublime a mystery as the resurrection of the body, though longing after it, and not knowing that flesh and blood cannot

enter into the kingdom of God, nor that corruption cannot inherit incorruption, the Egyptian mystagogue tells of metamorphoses of the vile into the glorious, changing men into gods, and clothing the mortals departed in the forms of heavenly beings; the hawk of gold, the aged chief, the lily, the phoenix, the nyctiorax, the swallow, the serpent of paradise, the forms of many gods, and the soul of the earth. Then comes a chapter (89) of the visit of the soul to the body in Karneker, while yet the time for final glorification is not come. If this chapter be known to the person deceased, his body is not injured; his soul does not enter into his body again for millions of years. If this chapter is known, his body is not decayed, his soul is not thrust into his body forever. *He sees his body, he is at peace with his mummy, he is not troubled, his body will not be strangled forever.*

Fifteen chapters are employed in describing the metamorphoses, or transmutations. In all this the Egyptian speaks as one who, more than all others, cares for the honour and preservation of his body. Every part of it is sacred, and is under the protection of its own peculiar god. "There is not a limb of him without a god." This elaborate ritual at once confesses and distorts the truth inculcated by inspired writers of Holy Scripture, one of whom says, remonstrating with licentious Gentiles, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which ye have of God, for ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are His."*

Twenty-six chapters relate to *The Protection of the Soul*. The first is a chapter (91) *Of not Allowing a Person's Soul to be Sniffed out in Karneker*. By virtue of another chapter the person "goes out as the day. His soul is not detained in Karneker." The phraseology—so near as difference of language may permit—is used which we find employed with reference to the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ: "*Thou wilt not abandon My soul to Sheol*, neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption,"†—the Sheol of the Hebrew being equivalent with the Amenti of the Egyptian. The tomb, or grave, is the Egyptian Karneker, answering to the Hebrew *corruption*.

* This rubric was afterwards rendered differently by the same translator. "Let this chapter be known. He is justified from earth to Hades. He makes all the transformations of life. His food is that of a great god. This chapter was found at Hermopolis on a brick of polished brass, written in blue under the feet of that god in the days of the King Mencheres the justified."—*Zeitschrift für ägyptische Sprache*, June, 1867, p. 55.

* 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.
† Ps. xvi. 10.

There is a chapter (100) *For Giving Peace to the Soul*, to be pronounced as a charm over the body of the deceased, written on a scrap of linen, placed on his knee, or on his flesh, and not to be approached. Some words of it are remarkable: "I am made the second after Isis, the third after Nephthys, I have grown strong by their prayers, I have twined the cord, I have stopped the Apophis (the evil serpent), *I have turned back his feet*." A serpent with many feet — feet growing by pairs out of the annular ribs of his skeleton — is a prominent figure on some of the old mummy-chests, that of Rameses II., for example, in the Sloane Museum; while other serpents have none, but go on their bellies. This is a fact worth noting, as it may possibly indicate the remembrance, or the tradition, of such a serpent, and if that be substantiated, it will throw light on Gen. iii. 14: "Upon thy belly shalt thou go."

*Eight chapters describe the freedom attained by the justified, soul and body being reunited, to go along the roads of Rusta, or plains of Amenti, and of coming out thence, or returning thither.

But the section of the Hall of the Two Truths, or Scales of Justice, is of the highest interest. Until the reader comes to this part of the book, he may reasonably suppose that the Egyptian relied on nothing for happiness beyond the grave except charms or protestations of his own. Here he finds mention of a judgment after death. This being known to the Egyptians when the chapters of this *Book of the Dead* were written, could not have been unknown to Moses during his early education in Egypt, which continued until he was forty years of age. The 125th chapter relates to *Going to the Hall of the Two Truths, and separating a Person from his Sins when he has been made to see the Faces of the Gods*. The person to be judged and weighed in the balance by Anup, or Anubis, judge of the dead, appeals to the supreme judge and his assessors.

Oh ye lords of truth! oh thou great god, lord of truth! I have come to thee, my lord, I have brought myself to see thy blessings. I have known thee. I have known thy name. I have known the names of the forty-two gods, who are with thee in the Hall of the Two Truths, living by catching the wicked, fed off their blood in the day of reckoning words before the Good Being, the justified. Placer of Spirits, Lord of the Truth is thy name.

Oh ye lords of the truth, let me know ye. I have brought ye truth. Rub ye away my

faults. I have not privily done evil against mankind. I have not afflicted persons or men. I have not told falsehood in the Tribunal of Truth. I have had no acquaintance with evil. I have not done any wicked thing. I have not made the labouring man do more than his task daily. I have not let my name approach to the boat, nor endeavoured to make my name approach to the . . . nor exceeded what is ordered. . . . I have not been idle. I have not failed. I have not ceased. I have not been weak. I have not done what is hateful to the gods. I have not calumniated the slave to his master. I have not sacrificed. I have not made to weep. I have not murdered. I have not given orders to smite a person privily. I have not committed fraud to men. I have not changed the measures of the country. I have not injured the images of the gods. I have not taken scraps of the bandages of the dead. I have not committed adultery. I have not spat against the priest of the god of my country. I have not thrown down. I have not falsified measures. I have not thrown the weight out of the scale. I have not cheated in the weight of the balance. I have not withheld milk from the mouths of sucklings. I have not hunted wild animals in their pasturages. I have not netted sacred birds. I have not caught the fish which typify them. I have not stopped running water. I have not put out a light at its proper hour. I have not robbed the gods of their proper haunches. I have not stopped a god from his manifestation. I am pure! I am pure! I am pure! I am pure! I am pure! I am pure! Pure is that Phoenix which is in Suten Khen (Bubastis). Because I am the nostril of the lord of the winds, giving life to the good. The day of veiling the eye in Annu. (Heliopolis, or On) before the Lord of heaven and earth on the 30th Epiphi. I have seen the filling of the eye in Annu. Let no evil be done to me in the land of truths, because I know the names of the gods who are with thee in the Hall of Truth. Save me from them! *

The person who thus presents himself at the seat of judgment next invokes by name the forty-two gods' assessors, protesting that he is innocent of the offences above enumerated, and pleads expressly — "I have no sins, no perversion . . . let me pass the roads of darkness. Let me follow thy servants in the gate, let me come out of Rusta from the Hall of Truth. Let me pass the lintel of the gate."

* This day of veiling and unveiling the eye in Heliopolis must refer to the participation of the deceased in the mysteries of Osiris which were represented there and at Bubastis. So says Herodotus (ii. 171): "On this lake around Bubasti it is that the Egyptians represent his sufferings whose name (Osiris) I refrain from mentioning, and this representation they call their mysteries. I know well the whole course of the proceedings in their ceremonies, but they shall not pass my lips."

The chapter (155) *Of not letting the Body corrupt* describes the dignity of a frame exempted from corruption, incorruptibility being an attribute of godhead, while all mere creatures are abandoned to corruption. The Osiris, now changed from human to divine, exclaims —

Hail, my father Osiris! Thy limbs are with thee; thou dost not corrupt; thou dost not turn to worms. Thou dost not putrefy. Thou dost not decay. Thou dost not change into worms. . . . I am! I am! I live! I live! I grow! I grow! I wake in peace. I am not corrupted. I am not suffocated there. I grow tall. My substance is not sent away. My ear does not grow deaf. My head does not separate. My tongue has not been taken away. My eyebrow is not plucked out. No injury is done to my body.

Some of these ideas are so exactly expressed in Holy Scripture that almost the very sentences are repeated. The God of Abraham, instead of revealing any name, declares His immortality by the mere words, "I am that I am," and bids Moses say to the Egyptians, "I am" hath sent me unto you. The incarnate Son of God says, "Before Abraham was, I am." The incorruptibility of the body of the Crucified is described in terms recalled to our memory in the chapter now quoted, and we cannot resist the conclusion — not that the sacred writers copied from the *Book of the Dead*, which it is not likely they ever thought of, but — that the whole set of ideas naturally belonging to the subject was suggested by the primal inspiration of truth to man, when the first teachings were communicated by the Creator, and the whole conception came down with the inmost ideas of the mind so long as the tradition of the truth remained. But it was given to men severally and plenarily inspired to deliver the original truth again, divested of every disguise, and disentangled from every perversion. And again, we repeat that the penetration of these ideas into the whole doctrine of the Egyptians when Moses was in Egypt, and when the Pharaoh who then sat upon the throne was laid in the sarcophagus that may now be seen in London, demonstrates that Moses, learned in all the wisdom of Egypt, could not have been ignorant of a future state, as some say, nor yet unaffected by the consideration of future rewards and punishments. Nor could the Israelites, familiar as they were with the religion of Egypt have been indifferent to the truth which was paramount in the land of their birth. On this truth

rested the faith of Moses, when he refused the pleasures of sin in the Court of Pharaoh.

Allusions to the Creation in the 115th chapter, as it is rendered by Mr. Goodwin in a contribution of his to the *Zeitschrift*, have met our eye since writing the present article. "I (*meaning the supreme god Rá*) appeared before the sun." "When the circumference of darkness was opened, I was one among you (*gods*)." "I know how the woman was made from the male."

We must now leave the *Book of the Dead*, and make but brief reference to the *Book of Migration*, edited by Dr. Brugsch, who, we may observe, was once Prussian Consul at Cairo, enjoyed the confidence of the pasha, and wrote an invaluable history of Egypt, at the pasha's request, directly gathered from the ancient monuments now standing. Dr. Birch, we are aware, considers this *Book of Migration* to be one of a very extensive mass of writings never yet collected in any one manuscript, but many of them composed on special occasions, and for the use of particular persons. The *Sai an Sinsin* is a laudatory address to the deceased. It consists of fourteen chapters. The authorship is attributed to Isis, who calls him her brother Osiris, and it was probably written by a priest for his friend or patron during his lifetime, while the sepulchre, also, was in course of preparation for the reception of his body. The address was well adapted to be sung by the priests at the burial, as Diodorus Siculus says was the custom. The first four sections may serve as a specimen of funeral eulogy, eminently pagan in its character, as such compositions frequently are in spirit, even with ourselves.

I. Beginning of the *Book of Migration*, composed by Isis for her brother Osiris, to give life to his soul, to revive his body, to renew his divine members in power, to reunite him to his father Rá (*the sun*), to make his soul manifest in heaven in the disc of the god Aah (*the moon*), that his body may shine bright in the star of Orion, among the progeny of the goddess Nupe (*Rhea*), that he may perform his transformation, as is just, in the field of the god Seb (*Saturn*). The divine father, prophet of Ammon-Rá, king of the gods; prophet of the gods, Harsiesi the justified (*deceased blessed*), son of a divine father, prophet of Ammon-Rá, king of the gods, Harsishshonk the justified, infant of the lady priestess of Ammon, Teutneith the blessed. O thou hidden one! hidden where thou hast the praise of every one in Amenti (*Orcus*, as

Brugsch renders it), who liveth in power covered with a precious veil, in purity.

II. Hail! Osiris*—thou art pure; thy heart is pure; thou art pure before in cleanliness; thou art pure behind with the washing of water; thou art pure within by the infusion of nitre (*for embalming*); there is no member of thine unclean. Thou art pure, Osiris—with that infusion which is of the plains of Halaupa, towards the north of the plains of Sahamu. The goddess Sate and the goddess Savan have purified thee in the eighth hour of the night, (and) in the eighth hour of the day, that thou mayest be Osiris—. Thou comest to the tribunal (*Hall of Judgment*), thou art purified from all evil, and from all abomination. Rock of Truth is thy name.

III. Hail! Osiris—thou comest to the house of glory in great purity; the goddesses of truth made thee exceedingly pure at the great tribunal. Thou hast a grand cleansing at the tribunal. The god Seb (*Saturn*) purified thy members at the tribunal. Thou art fair by looking on Rá, and the god Atune (*the sun when he sets*), his conjunction at the place of darkness. Ammon is where thou art, giving thee breath, and the god Ptah (*Vulcan*) bending thy limbs. Thou comest to the horizon with Rá; thy soul is received into the *baris*† with Osiris; thy soul is divine in the house of Seb, and thou art justified forever.

IV. Hail! Osiris—thy name remaineth, thy Sahu (*mummy*) is fresh; thou art not excluded from heaven, (nor) from earth. Thy soul shineth with Rá; thy soul liveth with Ammon (*the Theban Jupiter*). Thy body is renewed with Osiris; thou goest on migration forever.

The book closes with impassioned commendations of the deceased to all the gods "in the abodes of glory." Always taking for granted that the piety of the person when living, the enchantments of the priests, the power of amulets, and the merit of funeral ceremonies have done all that is necessary to secure his admission into the glory of heaven, the language of adulation is carried to the utmost. It appears again upon the grave-stones. Brugsch found several; he gives translations of the epitaphs in his *Gräberwelt*, and two of them here follow. The first is probably a fair specimen of many. The deceased bespeaks the good opinion of those who come after him:—

* This book may be adopted at the funeral of any other person, by the substitution of another first section, to be descriptive of the person, and his parentage, and by supplying the name after Osiris, which this time is Harisest, son of Harisisheshonk, born of the priestess Teutneith.

† *Bapic*. Herodotus, II. 96, gives this name to a large kind of barge used for conveying burdens on the Nile, and also for similar vessels constructed for state occasions, and for funerals. The same name is given to the barge of Rá, in which the great god is supposed to sail all day in the clear ether.

O ye great men, you prophets, you priests, you temple-singers, and all you men that come millions of years after me; if ever one of you shall deny my name and exhibit his own, so will the god do unto him, by making his memory perish on the earth, but if he praises my name that is on this monument, so shall the god of the dead in like manner cause it to come to pass with him.

The following inscription he copied from a grave in Beni Hassan, where he supposed it had been for about 2,500 years before Christ. After a short historical introduction, in which the deceased enumerates the services he rendered to the neighbourhood where he lived, he proceeds:—

I have not troubled the son of the poor man, I have not oppressed any widow, I have not disturbed any fisherman, I have not driven away any shepherd; there was no householder whose servant I took for labour; no prisoner languished in my days, no one died of hunger in my time. When there were years of hunger, I had all the fields of my *nomos* ploughed, on to the northern and southern boundaries. I gave nourishment to its inhabitants and fed them. There was no hungry person in it. I gave the widow equal measure with the married woman. I did not prefer the rich to the poor.

So at last self-esteem and vanity close the tale of life. All peculiarities of age, country, or sect, seem to be lost, swept off the scene by a single gust of pride. Pride, as universal as death, speaks loud as ever from the tomb, and the Egyptian Pharisee proves himself no less in earnest than his brethren in Judea to trumpet his own fame precisely in the place and at the time most unfit for the manifestation of vainglory. The common disease of evil needs the application of a remedy, and all the Christian world, exulting in the possession of a clearer revelation of primitive truth, have reason to be thankful that such a remedy has been provided.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THREE FEATHERS.

CHAPTER XIV.

(continued.)

CERTAINLY Harry Treylon was in no laughing or spiteful mood when he drove down on that Thursday evening to take Wenna Rosewarne up to the Hall. He was as pleased and proud as he well

could be, and when he went into the inn he made no secret of his satisfaction and of his gratitude to her for having been good enough to accept his mother's invitation. Moreover, understanding that Mrs. Rosewarne was still rather ailing, he had brought down for her a brace of grouse from a hamper that had reached the Hall from Yorkshire that morning; and he was even friendly and good-natured to Mabyn instead of being ceremoniously impertinent towards her.

"Don't you think, Mr. Trelyon," said Wenna, in a timid way, as she was getting into the brougham, "don't you think we should drive round for Mr. Roscorla?"

"Oh, certainly not," said Mabyn, with promptitude. "He always prefers a walk before dinner—I know he does—he told me so. He must have started long ago. Don't you mind her, Mr. Trelyon."

Mr. Trelyon was grinning as he and Wenna drove away.

"She's a thorough good sort of girl, that sister of yours," he said; "but when she marries won't she lead her husband a pretty dance!"

"Oh, nothing of the sort, I can assure you," Wenna said, sharply. "She is as gentle as any one can well be. If she is impetuous, it is always in thinking of other people. There is nothing she wouldn't do to serve those whom she really cares for."

"Well," said he, with a laugh, "I never knew two girls stick up so for one another. Don't imagine I was such a fool as to say anything against her. But sisters ain't often like that. My cousin Jue has a sister at school, and when she's at home, the bullying that goes on is something awful; or rather it's nagging and scratching, for girls never go in for a fair stand-up fight. And yet when you meet these two separately, you find each of them as good-natured and good-tempered as you could wish. But if there's anything said about you anywhere that isn't positive worship, why, Mabyn comes down on the people like a cart-load of bricks; and she can do it, mind you, when she likes."

It suddenly occurred to Mr. Trelyon that he had made a blunder; and whereas a more diplomatic young gentleman would have hastened away from the subject, hoping that she had not noticed it, he must needs hark back in a confused and embarrassed fashion.

"Of course," said he, with a laugh, "I

didn't mean that any one ever said anything really against you—that is impossible—that is quite impossible, and especially no one would say such a thing to me—at least they wouldn't say it twice, I can answer for that—you understand, I did not mean anything of that sort."

"Oh yes," Wenna said, quietly. "What a brilliant red those campions seem to have at this time of the evening when the green around them gets dark."

"Mind," he said, after a word or two, "I mean to take you in to dinner. It is just possible my mother may ask Mr. Roscorla to take you in, as a compliment to him; but don't you go."

"I must do what I am told," Wenna answered, meekly.

"Oh no, you musn't," he said. "That is merely a girl's notion of what is proper. You are a woman now; you can do what you like. Don't you know how your position is changed since you became engaged?"

"Yes, it is changed," she said, and then she added quickly, "Surely that must be a planet that one can see already."

"You can be much more independent in your actions now, and much more friendly with many people, don't you know?" said this young man, who did not see that he was treading on very delicate ground, and that of all things in the world, that Wenna least liked to hear spoken of, her engagement to Mr. Roscorla was the chief.

Late that night, when Wenna returned from her first dinner-party at Trelyon Hall, she found her sister Mabyn waiting up for her, and, having properly scolded the young lady for so doing, she sat down and consented to give her an ample and minute description of all the strange things that had happened.

"Well, you must know," said she, folding her hands on her knees as she had been used to do in telling tales to Mabyn when they were children together: "you must know that when we drove up through the trees, the house seemed very big, and grey, and still, for it was getting dark, and there was no sound about the place. It was so ghostlike that it rather frightened me; but in the hall we passed the door of a large room, and there I got a glimpse of a very gay and brilliant place, and I heard some people talking. Mr. Trelyon was waiting for me when I came down again, and he took me into the drawing-room and introduced me to his mother, who was

very kind to me, but did not seem inclined to speak much to any one. There was no other lady in the room—only those two clergymen who were in church last Sunday, and Mr. Trewhella, and Mr. Roscorla. I thought Mr. Roscorla was a little embarrassed when he came forward to shake hands with me—and that was natural, for all the people must have known—and he looked at my dress the moment I entered the room; and then, Maby, I did thank you in my heart for letting me have it; for I had forgotten that Mr. Roscorla would regard me as being on my trial, and I hope he was not ashamed of me."

"Ashamed of you!" said Maby, with a sudden flush of anger. "Do you mean that *he* was on his trial?"

"Be quiet. Well, you must know, that Mr. Trelyon was in very high spirits, but I never saw him so good-natured, and he must needs take me in to dinner, and I sat on his right hand. Mrs. Trelyon told me it was only a quiet little family party; and I said I was very glad. Do you know, Maby, there is something about her that you can't help liking—I think it is her voice and her soft way of looking at you; but she is so very gentle and ordinarily so silent, that she makes you feel as if you were a very forward, and talkative, and rude person——"

"That is precisely what you are, Wenna," Maby observed, in her school-girl sarcasm.

"But Mr. Trelyon, he was talking to everybody at once—all round the table—I never saw him in such spirits; and most of all he was very kind to Mr. Trewhella, and I liked him for that. He told me he had asked Mr. Trewhella because I was coming; and one thing I noticed was, that he was always sending the butler to fill Mr. Trewhella's glass, or to offer him some different wine, whereas he let the other two clergymen take their chance. Mr. Roscorla was at the other end of the table—he took in Mrs. Trelyon—I hope he was not vexed that I did not have a chance of speaking to him the whole evening; but how could I help it? He would not come near me in the drawing-room—perhaps that was proper, considering that we are engaged; only I hope he is not vexed."

For once Miss Maby kept a hold over her tongue, and did not reveal the thoughts that were uppermost in her mind.

"Well, after dinner Mrs. Trelyon and I went back to the drawing-room; and it

was very brilliant and beautiful; but oh! one felt so much alone in the big place that I was glad when she asked me if I would play something for her. It was something to think about; but I had no music, and I had to begin and recollect all sorts of pieces that I had almost forgotten. At first she was at the other end of the room, in a low easy-chair of rose-coloured silk, and she looked really very beautiful, and sad, as if she were dreaming. But by and by she came over and sat by the piano; and it was as if you were playing to a ghost, that listened without speaking. I played one or two of the 'Songs without Words'—those I could recollect easily—then Beethoven's 'Farewell'; but while I was playing that, I happened to turn a little bit, and, do you know, she was crying in a quiet and silent way. Then she put her hand gently on my arm, and I stopped playing, but I did not turn towards her, for there was something so strange and sad in seeing her cry that I was nearly crying myself, and I did not know what was troubling her. Then, do you know, Maby, she rose and put her hand on my head, and said, 'I hear you are a very good girl: I hope you will come and see me.' Then I told her I was sorry that something I had played had troubled her; and as I saw she was still distressed, I was very glad when she asked me if I would put on a hood and a shawl and take a turn with her round some of the paths outside. It is such a beautiful night to-night, Maby; and up there, where you seemed to be just under the stars, the scents of the flowers were so sweet. Sometimes we walked under the trees, almost in darkness, and then we would come out on the clear space of the lawn, and find the skies overhead, and then we would go into the rose-garden, and all the time she was no longer like a ghost, but talking to me as if she had known me a long time. And she is such a strange woman, Maby—she seems to live so much apart from other people, and to look at everything just as it affects herself. Fancy a harp, you know, never thinking of the music it was making; but looking all the time at the quivering of its own strings. I hope I did not offend her; for when she was saying some very friendly things about me—of course Mr. Trelyon had been telling her a heap of nonsense—about helping people and that, she seemed to think that the only person to be considered in such cases was yourself, and not

those whom you might try to help. Well, when she was talking about the beautiful sensations of being benevolent — and how it softened your heart and refined your feelings to be charitable — I am afraid I said something I should not have said, for she immediately turned and asked me what more I would have her do. Well, I thought to myself, if I have offended her, it's done and can't be helped; and so I plunged into the very thing I had been thinking of all the way in the brougham —"

"The Sewing-Club!" said Mabyn; for Wenna had already spoken of her dark and nefarious scheme to her sister.

"Yes; once I was in it, I told her of the whole affair; and what she could do if she liked. She was surprised, and I think a little afraid. 'I do not know the people,' she said, 'as you do. But I should be delighted to give you all the money you required, if you would undertake the rest.' 'Oh no, madam,' said I (afterwards she asked me not to call her so), 'that is impossible. I have many things to do at home, especially at present, for my mother is not well. What little time I can give to other people has many calls on it. And I could not do all this by myself.'"

"I should think not," said Mabyn, rising up in great indignation, and beginning to walk up and down the room. "Why, Wenna, they'd work your fingers to the bone, and never say thank you. You do far too much already — I say you do far too much already — and the idea that you should do that! You may say what you like about Mrs. Trelyon — she may be a very good lady, but I consider it nothing less than mean — I consider it disgraceful, mean, and abominably wicked, that she should ask you to do all this work and do nothing herself!"

"My dear child," said Wenna, "you are quite unjust. Mrs. Trelyon is neither mean nor wicked; but she was in ignorance, and she is timid, and unused to visiting poor people. When I showed her that no one in Eglosilyan could so effectively begin the club as herself — and that the reckless giving of money that she seemed inclined to was the worst sort of kindness — and when I told her of all my plans of getting the materials wholesale, and making the husbands subscribe, and the women sew, and all that I have told to you, she took to the plan with an almost childish enthusiasm, and now it is quite settled, and the only danger is that she may destroy

the purpose of it by being over-generous. Don't you see, Mabyn, it is her first effort in actual and practical benevolence — she seems hitherto only to have satisfied her sense of duty or pleased her feelings by giving cheques to public charities — and she is already only a little too eager and interested in it. She doesn't know what a slow and wearisome thing it is to give some little help to your neighbours discreetly."

"Oh, Wenna," her sister said, "what a manager you are! Sometimes I think you must be a thousand years of age; and other times you seem so silly about your own affairs that I can't understand you. Did Mr. Roscorla bring you home?"

"No, but he came in the brougham along with Mr. Trelyon. There was a great deal of joking about the conquest — so they said — I had made of Mrs. Trelyon; but you see how it all came about, Mabyn. She was so interested in this scheme —"

"Oh yes; I see how it all came about," said Mabyn, quite contentedly. "And now you are very tired, you poor little thing, and I sha'n't ask you any more about your dinner-party to-night. Here is your candle."

Wenna was just going into her own room, when her sister turned and said —

"Wenna?"

"Yes, dear?"

"Do you think that His Royal Highness Mr. Roscorla condescended to be pleased with your appearance, and your manners, and your dress?"

"Don't you ask impertinent questions," said Wenna, as she shut the door.

CHAPTER XV.

A LEAVE-TAKING OF LOVERS.

WENNA had indeed made a conquest of the pale and gentle lady up at the Hall which at another time might have been attended with important results to the people of Eglosilyan. But at this period of the year the Trelyons were in the habit of leaving Cornwall for a few months; Mrs. Trelyon generally going to some continental watering-place, while her son proceeded to accept such invitations as he could get to shoot in the English counties. This autumn Harry Trelyon accompanied his mother as far as Etretât, where a number of her friends had made up a small party. From this point she wrote to Wenna

saying how sorry she was she could not personally help in founding that sewing-club, but offering to send a handsome subscription. Wenna answered the letter in a dutiful spirit, but firmly declined the offer. Then nothing was heard of the Trelyons for a long time, except that now and again a hamper of game would make its appearance at Eglosilyan, addressed to Miss Wenna Rosewarne in a sprawling schoolboy's hand, which she easily recognized. Master Harry was certainly acting on his own theory, that now she was engaged he could give her presents, or otherwise be as familiar and friendly with her as he pleased.

It was a dull, slow and dreary winter. Mr. Roscorla was deeply engaged with his Jamaica project, and was occasionally up in London for a fortnight at a time. He had got the money from young Trelyon, and soon hoped to set out—as he told Wenna—to make his fortune. She put no obstacle in his way, nor yet did she encourage him to go; it was for him to decide, and she would abide by his decision. For the rest, he never revived that request of his that they should be married before he went.

Eglosilyan in winter time is a very different place from the Eglosilyan of the happy summer months. The wild coast is sombre and gloomy. The uplands are windy, and bleak, and bare. There is no shining plain of blue lying around the land, but a dark and cheerless sea, that howls in the night-time as it beats on the mighty walls of black rock. It is rather a relief, indeed—to break the mournful silence of those projecting cliffs and untenanted bays—when the heavens are shaken with a storm, and when the gigantic waves wash in to the small harbour so that the coasters seeking shelter there have to be scuttled and temporarily sunk in order to save them. Then there are the fierce rains, to guard against which the seaward-looking houses have been faced with slate; and the gardens get dank and wet, and the ways are full of mire, and no one dares venture out on the slippery cliffs. It was a tedious and a cheerless winter.

Then Mrs. Rosewarne was more or less of an invalid the most of the time, and Wenna was much occupied by household cares. Occasionally, when her duties indoors and in the cottages of her humble friends had been got over, she would climb up the hill on the other side of the mill-stream to have a look around her. One seemed to breathe

more freely up there among the rocks and furze than in small parlours or kitchens where children had to be laboriously taught. And yet the picture was not cheerful. A grey and leaden sea—a black line of cliffs standing sharp against it until lost in the mist of the south—the green slopes over the cliffs touched here and there with the brown of withered bracken—then down in the two valleys the leafless trees, and gardens, and cottages of Eglosilyan, the slates ordinarily shining wet with the rain. One day Wenna received a brief little letter from Mrs. Trelyon, who was at Mentone, and who said something of the balmy air, and the beautiful skies, and the blue water around her; and the girl, looking out on the hard and stern features of this sombre coast, wondered how such things could be.

Somehow there was so much ordinary and commonplace work to do that Wenna almost forgot that she was engaged; and Mr. Roscorla, continually occupied with his new project, seldom cared to remind her that they were on the footing of sweethearts. Their relations were of an eminently friendly character, but little more—in view of the forthcoming separation he scarcely thought it worth while to have them anything more. Sometimes he was inclined to apologize to her for the absence of sentiment and romanticism which marked their intimacy; but the more he saw of her the more he perceived that she did not care for that sort of thing, and was, indeed, about as anxious to avoid it as he was himself. She kept their engagement a secret. He once offered her his arm in going home from church; she made some excuse, and he did not repeat the offer. When he came in of an evening to have a chat with George Rosewarne they talked about the subjects of the day as they had been accustomed to do long before this engagement; and Wenna sat and sewed in silence, or withdrew to a side-table to make up her account-books. Very rarely indeed—thanks to Miss Mabyne, whose hostilities had never ceased—had he a chance of seeing his betrothed alone, and then, somehow, their conversation invariably took a practical turn. It was not a romantic courtship.

He considered her a very sensible girl. He was glad that his choice was approved by his reason. She was not beautiful; but she had qualities that would last—intelligence, sweetness, and a sufficient

fund of gentle humour to keep a man in good spirits. She was not quite in his own sphere of life; but then, he argued with himself, a man ought always to marry a woman who is below him rather than above him—in social position, or in wealth, or in brain, or in all three—for then she is all the more likely to respect and obey him, and to be grateful to him. Now, if you do not happen to have won the deep and fervent love of a woman—a thing that seldom occurs.—gratitude is a very good substitute. Mr. Roscorla was quite content.

"Wenna," said he, one day after they had got into the new year, and when one had begun to look forward to the first indications of spring in that southern county, "the whole affair is now afloat, and it is time I should be too—forgive the profound witticism. Everything has been done out there; we can do no more here; and my partners think I should sail about the fifteenth of next month."

Was he asking her permission, or expecting some utterance of regret that he looked at her so? She cast down her eyes, and said, rather timidly—

"I hope you will have a safe voyage—and be successful."

He was a little disappointed that she said nothing more; but he himself immediately proceeded to deal with the aspects of the case in a most business-like manner.

"And then," said he, "I don't want to put you to the pain of taking a formal and solemn farewell as the ship sails. One always feels downhearted in watching a ship go away, even though there is no reason. I must go to London in any case for a few days before sailing, and so I thought that if you wouldn't mind coming as far as Launceston—with your mother or sister—you could drive back here without any bother."

"If you do not think it unkind," said Wenna, in a low voice, "I should prefer that. For I could not take mamma further than Launceston, I think."

"I shall never think anything you do unkind," said he. "I do not think you are capable of unkindness."

He wished at this moment to add something about her engaged ring, but could not quite muster up courage. He paused for a minute, and became embarrassed, and then told her what a first-class cabin to Jamaica would cost.

And at length the day came round. The weather had been bitterly cold and

raw for the previous two or three weeks; though it was March the world seemed still frozen in the grasp of winter. Early on this bleak and grey forenoon Mr. Roscorla walked down to the inn, and found the waggonette at the door. His luggage had been sent on to Southampton some days before; he was ready to start at once.

Wenna was a little pale and nervous when she came out and got into the waggonette; but she busied herself in wrapping abundant rugs and shawls round her mother, who protested against being buried alive.

"Good-bye," said her father, shaking hands with Mr. Roscorla carelessly, "I hope you'll have a fine passage. Wenna, don't forget to ask for those cartridge-cases as you drive back from the station."

But Miss Mabyn's method of bidding him farewell was far more singular. With an affectation of playfulness she offered him both her hands, and so, making quite sure that she had a grip on the left hand of that emerald ring that had afforded her much consolation, she said—

"Good-bye. I hope you will get safely out to Jamaica."

"And back again?" said he, with a laugh.

Mabyn said nothing, turned away, and pretended to be examining the outlines of the waggonette. Nor did she speak again to any one until the small party drove away; and then, when they had got over the bridge and along the valley, and up and over the hill, she suddenly ran to her father, flung her arms round his neck, kissed him, and cried out—

"Hurrah! the horrid creature is gone, and he'll never come back—never!"

"Mabyn," said her father, in a peevish ill-temper, as he stooped to pick up the broken pipe which she had caused him to let fall, "I wish you wouldn't be such a fool."

But Mabyn was not to be crushed. She said, "Poor daddy, has it broken its pipe?" and then she walked off, with her head very erect, and a very happy light on her face, while she sang to herself, after the manner of an acquaintance of hers, "Oh, the men of merry, merry England!"

There was less cheerfulness in that waggonette that was making its way across the bleak uplands—a black speck in the grey and wintry landscape. Wenna was really sorry that this long voyage, and all its cares and anxieties, should lie before one who had been so kind to her;

it made her miserable to think of his going away into strange lands all by himself, with little of the buoyancy, and restlessness, and ambition of youth to bear him up. As for him, he was chiefly occupied during this silent drive across to Launceston in nursing the fancy that he was going out to fight the world for her sake — as a younger man might have done — and that, if he returned successful, her gratitude would be added to the substantial results of his trip. It rather pleased him to imagine himself in this position. After all he was not so very elderly; and he was in very good preservation for his years. He was more than a match in physique, in hopefulness, and in a knowledge of the world that ought to stand him in good stead, for many a younger man who, with far less chances of success, was bent on making a fortune for the sake of some particular girl.

He was not displeased to see that she was sorry about his going away. She would soon get over that. He had no wish that she should continually mope in his absence; nor did he, indeed, believe that any sensible girl would do anything of the sort.

At the same time he had no fear whatever as to her remaining constant to him. A girl altogether out of the way of meeting marriageable young men would be under no temptation to let her fancies rove. Moreover, Wenna Rosewarne had something to gain in social position, by her marriage with him, which she could not be so blind as to ignore; and had she not, too, the inducement of waiting to see whether he might not bring back a fortune to her? But the real cause of his trust in her was that experience of her uncompromising sincerity and keen sense of honour that he had acquired during a long and sufficiently intimate friendship. If the thought of her breaking her promise ever occurred to him it was not as a serious possibility, but as an idle fancy, to be idly dismissed.

"You are very silent," he said to her.

"I am sorry you are going away," she said, simply and honestly; and the admission pleased and flattered him.

"You don't give me courage," he said. "You ought to consider that I am going out into the world — even at my time of life — to get a lot of money and come back to make a grand lady of you."

"Oh!" said she in sudden alarm — for such a thought had never entered her head — "I hope you are not going away

on my account. You know that I wish for nothing of that kind. I hope you did not consider me in resolving to go to Jamaica!"

"Well, of course, I considered you," said he, good-naturedly; "but don't alarm yourself; I should have gone if I had never seen you. But naturally I have an additional motive in going when I look at the future."

That was not a pleasant thought for Wenna Rosewarne. It was not likely to comfort her on stormy nights, when she might lie awake and think of a certain ship at sea. She had acquiesced in his going, as in one of those things which men do because they are men and seem bound to satisfy their ambition with results which women might consider unnecessary. But that she should have exercised any influence on his decision — that alarmed her with a new sense of responsibility, and she began to wish that he could suddenly drop this project, have the waggonette turned round, and drive back to the quiet content and small economies and peaceful work of Eglosillyan.

They arrived in good time at Launceston, and went for a stroll up to the magnificent old castle while luncheon was being got ready at the hotel. Wenna did not seem to regard that as a very enticing meal when they sat down to it. The talk was kept up chiefly by her mother and Mr. Roscorla, who spoke of life on shipboard, and the best means of filling the tedium of it. Mr. Roscorla said he would keep a journal all the time he was away, and send instalments from time to time to Wenna.

They walked from the hotel down to the station. Just outside the station they saw a landau, drawn by a pair of beautiful greys, which were being walked up and down.

"Surely those are Mrs. Trelyon's horses," Wenna said; and, as the carriage, which was empty, came nearer, the coachman touched his hat. "Perhaps she is coming back to the Hall to-day."

The words were uttered carelessly, for she was thinking of other things. When they at last stood on the platform and Mr. Roscorla had chosen his seat, he could see that she was paler than ever. He spoke in a light and cheerful way, mostly to her mother, until the guard requested him to get into the carriage, and then he turned to the girl and took her hand.

"Good-bye, my dear Wenna," said he. "God bless you! I hope you will write to me often."

Then he kissed her cheek, shook hands with her again, and got into the carriage. She had not spoken a word. Her lips were trembling — she could not speak — and he saw it.

When the train went slowly out of the station, Wenna stood and looked after it with something of a mist before her eyes, until she could see nothing of the handkerchief that was being waved from one of the carriage windows. She stood quite still, until her mother put her hand on her shoulder, and then she turned and walked away with her. They had not gone three yards, when they were met by a tall young man who had come rushing down the hill and through the small station-house.

"By Jove!" said he, "I am just too late. How do you do, Mrs. Rosewarne? How are you, Wenna?" — and then he paused, and a great blush overspread his face — for the girl looked up at him and took his hand silently, and he could see there were tears in her eyes. It occurred to him that he had no business there — and yet he had come on an errand of kindness. So he said, with some little embarrassment, to Mrs. Rosewarne —

"I heard you were coming over to this train, and I was afraid you would find the drive back in the waggonette rather cold this evening. I have got our landau outside — closed, you know — and I thought you might let me drive you over."

Mrs. Rosewarne looked at her daughter. Wenna decided all such things, and the girl said to him, in a low voice —

"It is very kind of you."

"Then just give me a second, that I may tell your man," Trelyon said, and off he darted.

Was it respect for Wenna's trouble, or had it been his knocking about among strangers for six months, that seemed to have given to the young man (at least in Mrs. Rosewarne's eyes) something of a more courteous and considerate manner? When the three of them were being rapidly whirled along the Launceston highway in Mrs. Trelyon's carriage, Harry Trelyon was evidently bent on diverting Wenna's thoughts from her present cares; and he told stories, and asked questions, and related his recent adventures in such a fashion that the girl's face gradually lightened, and she grew

interested and pleased. She, too, thought he was much improved — how she could not exactly tell.

"Come," said he, at last, "you must not be very downhearted about a mere holiday trip. You will soon get letters, you know, telling you all about the strange places abroad; and then, before you know where you are, you'll have to drive over to the station, as you did to-day, to meet Mr. Roscorla coming back."

"It may be a very long time indeed," Wenna said; "and if he should come to any harm I shall know that I was the cause of it; for if it had not been for me, I don't believe he would have gone."

"Oh, that's all gammon! — begging your pardon," said Master Harry, coolly.

"Roscorla got a chance of making some money, and he took it, as any other man would. You had no more to do with it than I had — indeed, I had something to do with it — but that's a secret. No; don't you make any mistake about that. And he'll be precious well off when he's out there, and seeing everything going smoothly, especially when he gets a letter from you, with a Cornish primrose or violet in it. And you'll get that soon now," he added, quickly seeing that Wenna blushed somewhat, "for I fancy there's a sort of smell in the air this afternoon that means spring-time. I think the wind has been getting round to the west all day; before night you will find a difference in the air, I can tell you."

"I think it has become very fresh and mild already," Wenna said, judging by an occasional breath of wind that came in at the top of the windows.

"Do you think you could bear the landau open?" said he, eagerly.

When they stopped to try — when they opened the windows — the predictions of the weather-prophet had already been fulfilled, and a strange, genial mildness and freshness pervaded the air. They were now near Eglosilyan, on the brow of a hill, and away below them they could see the sea lying dull and grey under the cloudy sky. But while they waited for the coachman to uncover the landau, a soft and yellow light began to show itself far out in the west, a break appeared in the clouds, and a vast comb of gold shot shining down on the plain of water beneath. The western skies were opening up; and what with this new and beautiful light, and what with the sweet air that awoke a thousand pleasant and pathetic memories, it seemed to Wenna Rosewarne that the tender spring-time was at

length at hand, with all its wonder of yellow crocuses and pale snowdrops, and the first faint shimmerings of green on the hedges and woods. Her eyes filled with tears—she knew not why. Surely she was not old enough to know anything of the sadness that comes to some when the heavens are cleared, and a new life stirs in the trees, and the world awakes to the fairness of the spring. She was only eighteen; she had a lover; and she was as certain of his faithfulness as of her own.

In bidding them good-bye at the door of the inn, Mr. Trelyon told them that he meant to remain in Eglosilyn for some months to come.

From The Athenæum.

THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS.*

THE third Duke of Portland was the father of four sons and two daughters, most of whom did very well indeed in life. One of his sons, William Charles, married the mysterious beauty, Georgiana Frederica Augusta Seymour, the daughter of Grace Elliot and George, Prince Regent. One of the duke's daughters, Charlotte, married, in 1793, Mr. Charles Greville, grandson of the fifth Baron Warwick. Of this marriage came three sons and a daughter. The daughter married Francis Leveson-Gower, Earl of Ellesmere. The sons were variously provided for. The eldest, who kept the Journal just published, and who was born in 1794, belonged to the "good old times." Early in life, the Duke of Portland's influence obtained for him a well-paid sinecure office, the secretaryship of Jamaica; and before he was twenty, Mr. Charles Greville left Christ Church, Oxford, to become private secretary to Earl Bathurst. But the young gentleman was still more comfortably provided for, as the ducal grand-sire also obtained for him the reversion of the clerkship of the council. Mr. Greville entered upon its duties in 1821, and he continued to perform them about forty years.

Mr. Greville's brother Algernon was secretary to the Duke of Wellington and "Bath king of arms." Henry became gentleman usher to the queen.

* *The Greville Memoirs: a Journal of the Reigns of King George the Fourth and King William the Fourth.* By the late Charles C. F. Greville, Esq. Edited by Henry Reeve. 3 vols. (Longmans & Co.)

Mr. Greville speaks of his father as a good-natured, irritable, uneducated man, who "had some faults, with many foibles." Of his grandfather, Fulke Greville, he says, "He was useless, and worse than useless, as a parent, and his mother (a woman of extraordinary capacity and merit) died while he was a young man, having been previously separated from her husband, and having retired from the world." This lady was the Fanny Macartney (daughter of the general) of whom Walpole speaks as one of the beauties of her and his time. She was the author of the very clever ode, or prayer, "To Indifference." Walpole said of her, in 1789, "Mrs. Greville is dead . . . who, I believe, had little to leave; I do not know whether even any poetry."

The literary power often displayed by Mr. Charles Greville in his Journal may have come to him from his accomplished grandmother. The first date in this diary is of the year 1818. The last is of the year 1837. In round numbers, the journal of twenty years—twice the number of years in Pepys's diary. Mr. Greville's later entries are properly reserved for another generation. We are not sure that some of the present generation will not wince a little at what is recorded of themselves, though they may take calmly what is said of their relations. Mr. Greville was a thorough English gentleman. He moved, as it is called, in the highest society, but he loved that which is more suitably called the best. He preferred intellect to rank, and could not endure a bore. He was something of a sportsman, by no means disliked whist, had an inclination for dainty fare, and cursed "The Beef-Steak Club" for giving him an indigestible dinner. He was refined by nature; he had a well-stored mind, could fetch from that mental store at will whatever the occasion required, and was a welcome guest under every roof. He was a bachelor, but he speaks often of the pleasures to be derived from the society of women. He was by his office outside and apart from all politics, yet his remarks on political events show that he might have distinguished himself in that disturbed arena. His "portraits" or "characters" of some of the individuals with whom he came in contact are admirable. Occasionally, a mere stroke of the pen presents a feature; an epigrammatic turn is often a revelation, and a line of reflection at the end of a story is frequently fuller of wisdom and more striking.

ing and entertaining than the finest moral to the finest fable.

Mr. Greville made Mr. Reeve his literary executor; remarking that "memoirs of this kind ought not to be locked up until they had lost their principal interest by the death of all those who had taken any part in the events they describe." Mr. Reeve, with characteristic caution, throws all responsibility for opinions and chroniclings made by Mr. Greville upon that gentleman; and then we plunge at once into the Regency. "The Regent," says the clerk of the council, "drives in the Park every day in a tilbury, with his groom sitting by his side; grave men are shocked at this undignified practice." Old Queen Charlotte was so affected by undignified practices, that when she heard how the Duchess of Cambridge had met and kissed the Duchess of Cumberland in Kew Gardens,—the latter duchess being coldly looked upon by the queen—her Majesty fell into a rage, "had a spasm," and soon after died in that uncomfortable-looking chair, which may still be seen in that undignified-looking house, called Kew Palace. When the next reign commences, Queen Caroline merely crosses the stage, as it were. On her entry into London, every one, we are told, was disgusted with the vulgarity of Alderman Wood, who was seated at her side, while the Duke of Hamilton's sister was sitting in the back of the carriage,—and also with his standing up in the carriage as it passed Carlton House, and giving three cheers. The alderman is, however, afterwards spoken of as an honest, well-meaning man. Among the details of the queen's trial, we meet with Lord Lauderdale expressing his disbelief in the respectability of an Italian countess, whom the queen had received in Italy, as she spoke in a provincial dialect. Lord Lauderdale expressed this in a broad Scotch accent. Upon which, another peer asked the witness "if the Countess T— spoke Italian with as broad an accent as the noble earl speaks with in his native tongue."

The king is, of course, the prominent figure in the chronicles of his reign. He fares roughly at the clerk's hands. Of George the Fourth, Mr. Greville cannot speak in too contemptuous terms. He was, we are told, coarse, blasphemous, faithless, and a liar. "A more contemptible, cowardly, selfish, unfeeling dog does not exist." He professed to have talked with Chesterfield, and to have led cavalry charges on the battle-field! This

last sort of profession, however, may have been of that slight touch of insanity from which he was suspected of never being quite free. His swearing and rioting have many illustrations, and Mr. Greville records them with the comment "Not very dignified;" but Mr. Greville got many of these stories from Bachelor, one of the king's valets, with whom he was sometimes closeted for hours; during which the clerk of the king's council pumped the valet, who was nothing loath to exhibit his master's deformity. Our comment on this process is,—"Not very dignified."

Strange ministers were about the modern Sardanapalus, as George the Fourth was absurdly called. Bloomfield was for a time his shadow, but the king wearied of him, made him a peer, and would have bullied him; but he seemed afraid lest Bloomfield was possessed of some secret, of which the king dreaded the betrayal. So with Knighton, who was first his physician, then the keeper of his purse, finally, his master. The king came at last to both hate and fear him—as if he too had in his keeping some mystery, the clearing up of which might seriously compromise the king. "I wish to God," he once cried, "somebody would assassinate Knighton!" Meanwhile, his Majesty damned everybody when he was irritable, and really stood in awe of nothing but ridicule. The caricaturing of his wig or his whiskers gave him a heart-ache; and yet there were moments when he seemed to be what he was sometimes called, the first gentleman in Europe.

The king's frivolity was not controlled even when serious business was before the council. He who ought to have set a good example, and Mr. Greville, who ought to have been attending to his business, would put their heads down, talk of racing favourites, and if the Duke of Wellington looked grave, his Majesty whispered, "A little bit of Newmarket!" In 1829 his Majesty breakfasted, read, and transacted such business as he could be brought to attend to—in bed. He never got up till six o'clock in the afternoon, when he dressed for dinner, and went to bed again about eleven. Sleepless, he would ring his bell forty times in the night, to know the hour, which he might have known by turning his head; or for a glass of water, which was within reach of his hand. He wore out his pages, but they knew how to compensate themselves. The king occasionally exerted himself to hold a levee. At the one

at which O'Connell was present, his Majesty took no notice of him; but as the agitator went by, the king said to somebody near him,—"Damn the fellow! what does he come here for?" George the Fourth, however, was not without his good qualities. He who, in a moment of thoughtlessness, wished somebody would murder Knighton, had a strong reluctance to sanctioning the execution of a capital sentence.

Of the king's brothers there is little recorded that is to their credit. "York" kept up a little state mingled with simple style at Oatlands, which is described as the worst-managed establishment in England: "There are a great many servants, and nobody waits on you; a vast number of horses, and none to ride or drive." After dinner, the duke sat down to whist, and would never move as long as a "party" could be made. He preferred five-pound points and twenty-five pounds on the rubber. The duchess was a gentle, eccentric, provoking person. She "seldom goes to bed; or, if she does, only for an hour or two; she sleeps dressed upon a couch, sometimes in one room, sometimes in another . . . and she always sleeps with open windows;"—and "she frequently walks out very late at night, or rather early in the morning." Refined in her own language, she laughed heartily at coarse jokes, and probably loved her dogs, monkeys, and parrots better than human beings. By the last the poor lady had not been over-tenderly treated, least of all by her husband, whom, however, Mr. Greville describes as "the only one of the sons of George the Third who had the feelings of an English gentleman." The truth is, he was an easy-tempered person, who denied himself nothing, and never paid anybody, not even his medical men. For sixteen years M'Gregor, his surgeon, never received a farthing, and the surgeons and physicians who attended the duke in his long last illness did not receive the smallest remuneration. The duke was jealous of the Duke of Wellington! The Duke of Cumberland, who hated Wellington, and the Duke of Gloucester (whom Mr. Greville sets down as a thorough fool, but he was an honest man) turned down their glasses when the king and his guests stood up in St. George's Hall, to drink the hero's health! Clarence, Sussex, and Cumberland once made the House of Lords a bear-garden, with their recriminations. Cumberland was the rudest of the brothers in every sense. No

lady was safe from the expression of that rudeness in the most offensive way; and we know that mothers refused invitations for themselves and their daughters to meet him, because he delighted in addressing remarks to them that were particularly offensive!

After the king's brothers, the most conspicuous individuals are the king's "ladies," who figure greatly in these pages. It is most amusing to read of Lady Hertford replying to a query, referring to Lady Conyngham, that "the king had never ventured to speak to her on the subject of his mistresses!" Lady Conyngham ruled the king with supreme haughtiness, but he would meet it by kissing her arm, and saying "Thank you, thank you, *my dear*; you always do what is right. You cannot please me so much as by doing everything you please, everything to show that you are mistress here." How completely this was shown may be taken from a remark on one occasion of the Marquis of Conyngham, that his wife was ill, so, at least, he understood, "talking of her as if she was somebody else's wife." When this lady dined at Devonshire House with the king, at whose side she sat, she wore on her head the sapphire which had belonged to the Stuarts, and which the Cardinal of York had given to the king! Knighton opposed every kind of expense, except what was lavished on her. Mr. Greville thinks she amassed enormous wealth. In London, "the Conynghams," we are told, "dine every day at St. James's; and when they give a dinner it is cooked at St. James's, and brought up to Hamilton Place in hackney coaches, and in machines made expressly for the purpose. There is merely a fire lit in their kitchen for such things as must be heated on the spot." The family interest was closely looked after. At the royal cottage, at Virginia Water, "there is always a parcel of eldest sons and lords in possession, invited for the sake of Lady Maria Conyngham." For her mother even ambassadors and etiquette were neglected. On the occasion of a state dinner, when the king ought to have sat between two wives of foreign envoys, there was quite a farce of intrigues to satisfy him, "by which means the lovely Thais sat beside him, and he was happy." Mr. Greville's editor does not omit to remind us in what small matters kings could find happiness in association with their ladies. Louis the Eighteenth had a friend in Madame du Cayla, "Esther (she said) to this Ahasuerus."

The old king's felicity consisted, according to report, "in inhaling a pinch of snuff from her shoulders, which were remarkably broad and fair."

But other personages besides "royalties" and their "belongings" challenge our notice in these contemporary memoirs. There is Canning, prevented from writing by gout in the hand, dictating, at the same time, a despatch on Greek affairs to Lord George Bentinck, and one on South-American politics to Howard de Walden. Each wrote as fast as he could, while Canning turned from one to the other without hesitation or embarrassment. We meet with Tommy Duncombe, "that puppet," getting by rote his first speech, which was written for and beaten into him by Harry de Ros. Of Lord Winchelsea, the graphic clerk of the council says:—"He makes an ass of himself . . . but nobody will mind anything such a blockhead says." More unmanageable than an ass, we encounter Sir Charles Wetherell speaking in the House, dirty and "drunk, they say;" braceless, half mad, and of whom the speaker said, "The only lucid interval he had was that between his waistcoat and his breeches." Quite as amusing is it to encounter Colonel Sibthorpe, and to hear the door-keeper tell Sir James Mackintosh, who could not find an unappropriated seat in the House: "Oh, Sir, there is no chance of getting a place. Colonel Sibthorpe sleeps at a tavern close by, and comes here every morning by eight o'clock, and takes places for all the Saints!" We then catch a glimpse of Lord Blessington, whom Mr. Greville writes down "an ass;"—which we cannot gainsay, for at a theatrical fund dinner, after the Duke of York's death, he persisted in giving the duke's "health" instead of his "memory." We see the most noble Hugh, Duke of Northumberland, go to his Irish viceroyalty, ticketed by Mr. Greville as "an absolute nullity, a bore beyond all bores." This melancholy bore was a Cræsus. In happy contrast, there was to be seen "old Creevey," ex-M.P., possessing nothing but his clothes, yet a welcome visitor in all country houses, because of his social qualities. "He is the only man I know, in society, who possesses nothing." The people Mr. Greville hears of are as amusing as those he meets. Moore tells him of an Irish gentleman named St. George. "He was to attend a meeting at which a great many Catholics were to be present . . . got drunk, and lost his hat, when he went

into the room where they were assembled, and said: 'Damnation to you all! I came to emancipate you, and you've stole my hat.'" A story equally good is told at a dinner-table by Lord Holland, of Lord Thurlow, whom he used to mimic. When Lord Mansfield died, Chancellor Thurlow hesitated between Kenyon and Buller. "Kenyon was very intemperate, but Buller was so damned corrupt, and I thought upon the whole, that intemperance was a less fault in a judge than corruption. Not but that there was a damned deal of corruption in Kenyon's intemperance." One of the great men of the fourth George's time, Mr. Greville saw in his exile and distress at Calais—Brummel. "I found him in his old lodging, dressing; some pretty pieces of old furniture in the room; an entire toilet of silver, and a large green macaw perched on the back of a tattered silk chair with faded gilding; full of gaiety, impudence, and misery." The summer of 1830 was spent in travel, chiefly in Italy. Mr. Greville paid his court to the pope, Pius the Eighth, whom he rather flippantly describes as "a very nice squinting old twaddle, and we liked him." Before Greville reached England, George the Fourth was dead, and a new world was beginning in England, as well as elsewhere. We take leave of the reign with the following record:—

When he died they found 10,000*l.* in his boxes and money scattered about everywhere, a great deal of gold. There were above 500 pocket-books, of different dates, and in every one money—guineas, one pound notes, one, two, or three in each. There never was anything like the quantity of trinkets and trash that they found. He had never given away or parted with anything. There was a prodigious quantity of hair—women's hair—of all colours and lengths, some locks with the powder and pomatum still sticking to them, heaps of women's gloves, *gages d'amour* which he had got at balls, and with the perspiration still marked on the fingers, notes and letters in abundance, but not much that was of any political consequence, and the whole was destroyed.

Autres temps autres mœurs. William the Fourth behaved almost like a king in an extravaganza. He did all sorts of absurd and unkingly things, and his character is not ill summed up in the remark, "Altogether he seems a kind-hearted, well-meaning, not stupid, burlesque, bustling old fellow, and if he doesn't go mad may make a very decent king, but he exhibits oddities." Along

with illustrations of social life Mr. Greville gives much information about the national history of the period, which includes that of the Reform Bill. Mr. Greville had his "humours," like the king. Speaking of the lord-lieutenants, who were kept waiting with their address while the king was at a review, he says, "The great, selfish, pampered aristocrats were furious at being kept waiting, particularly Lord Grosvenor and the Duke of Newcastle, the former very peevish, the latter bitter-humoured. I was glad to see them put to inconvenience." It is curious to hear a sprig of this aristocracy, who would never have been clerk of the council but for that fact, and who owed his place to "pampered" influence, thus speaking of the "nobility." Certainly, the king adopted *citizen* practices. He walked alone in the streets; once got kissed by a citizeness, and was immensely popular, for no apparent reason but his undignified eccentricity. He broke up one of his palace parties with the remark, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I wish you a good night. I will not detain you any longer from your amusements, and shall go to my own, which is, to go to bed; so come along, my queen!" This amiable lady is sometimes designated as "the spotted queen," and the Fitzclarences as "the bastards." We must say that in passages like these there is an entire lack of judicious editing, as there is much indelicacy and impropriety in some of the entries. Sovereigns may be excused for being reserved when they find that their own officials are taking notes, and mean to print them; that scenes at council are ridiculed; and that their officers, who would bow to the ground before them, are cutting jokes against them behind their backs. "He is only a mountebank," writes the clerk of the king, "but bids fair to become a maniac." Mr. Greville thought a good many people mad, Brougham among the rest, whom he deemed to be overrated, unscrupulous, without principle, "rather mad, without a doubt," and who is not incorrectly described as "dropping on the woolsack as on his political death-bed." Of John Stuart Mill, Mr. Greville says, "In conversation, he has not the art of managing his ideas, . . . and has the appearance of being always working in his mind propositions or a syllogism." It is curious that at a dinner at Holland House, Mr. Greville did not think a certain guest there clever, till he heard that the gentleman's name was Macaulay. He

is often inconsistent, though always sincere. He loved intellectual society and hated fools, even those who rendered him friendly offices. Yet he records of a dinner with men of mind, "I am very sure that dinners of all fools have as good a chance of being agreeable as dinners of all clever people." But he never records the doings and sayings at a dinner with clever people without chronicling a good story. One out of many is, shortly, to this effect. Lord Wellesley's aide-de-camp, Keppel, published his travels as a "personal narrative." Lord Wellesley quizzingly asked Plunket what a personal narrative meant. "We lawyers," said Plunket, "always understand *persona*" as contradicting *guished from real*." And at another banquet, a guest remarked to Talleyrand (French ambassador), "*M. de Marbœuf était un peu l'amant de Madame Pernon; n'est-ce pas?*" Talleyrand answered, "*Oui, mais je ne sais pas dans quelles proportions.*" We suppose that all the stories are properly "god-fathered." The same cannot be said of the quotations. Mr. Greville remarks, "'Party is indeed,' as Swift says, 'the madness of many when carried to its present pitch.'" The editor should have observed in a note, that it was Pope who said so. See his letter to Mr. Blount, August 27th, 1714.

The whole of the second volume, which brings the narrative down to 1833, sparkles with stories, and is brilliant with descriptions of great political personages, and dissections of their character. The scene at the dissolution of Parliament in 1831, when the Lords were in noisy debate which almost threatened to come to personal collision, is thus described:—

While he was still speaking, the king arrived, but he did not desist even while his Majesty was entering the House of Lords, nor till he approached the throne; and while the king was ascending the steps the hoarse voice of Lord Londonderry was heard crying "Hear, hear, hear!" The king from the robing-room heard the noise, and asked what it all meant. The conduct of the chancellor was most extraordinary, skipping in and out of the House, and making most extraordinary speeches. In the midst of the uproar he went out of the House, when Lord Shaftesbury was moved into the chair. In the middle of the debate Brougham again came in and said "it was most extraordinary that the king's undoubted right to dissolve Parliament should be questioned at a moment when the House of Commons had taken the unprecedented course of stopping the supplies," and having so said (which was a lie) he flounced out of

the House to receive the king on his arrival. The king ought not properly to have worn the crown, never having been crowned; but when he was in the robing-room he said to Lord Hastings, "Lord Hastings, I wear the crown; where is it?" It was brought to him, and when Lord Hastings was going to put it on his head he said, "Nobody shall put the crown on my head but myself." He put it on, and then turned to Lord Grey and said, "Now, my lord, the coronation is over." George Villiers said that in his life he never saw such a scene, and as he looked at the king upon the throne with the crown loose upon his head, and the tall, grim figure of Lord Grey close beside him with the sword of state in his hand, it was as if the king had got his executioner by his side, and the whole picture looked strikingly typical of his own and our future destinies. — Lord Lyndhurst told me that Lord Mansfield stopped speaking as soon as the door opened to admit the king. He said he never saw him so excited before, and in his robes he looked very grand. He also told me that he was at Lady Holland's, giving an account of the scene, when Brougham came in. He said, "I was telling them what passed the other day in our House," when Brougham explained his part by saying that the usher of the black rod (Tyrwhit) was at his elbow saying, "My lord chancellor, you must come; the king is waiting for you: come along; you must come;" and that he was thus dragged out of the House in this hurry, and without having time to sit down or say any more.

The third volume, if it be not the best political history of the last years of King William's reign, contains some of the best material for such history. The leading men are lowered in our estimation. Party, and not country, was the watchword; and self, not party, was the object of chief interest to individuals. Half the men seem to have been more than half mad, and the maddest of them were the king himself and Lord Brougham. If there be an exception to the universal selfishness, it is to be found in Lord Melbourne. When the king sent for him, in 1834, to form an administration, he told his secretary, Young ("a vulgar, familiar, impudent fellow, but of indefatigable industry"), that he thought it "a damned bore, and that he was in many minds what he should do—be a minister or no." Young replied: "Why, damn it, such a position was never occupied by any Greek or Roman, and, if it only lasts two months, it is worth while to have been Prime Minister of England."—"By God, that's true!" said Melbourne, "I'll go,"—and in such light way were the national interests imperilled.

We have spoken of the able way in which Mr. Greville hits off a "character." The following is an example, selected, however, because it is the briefest. It was written on the death of Lord Dover (George Agar Ellis):—

He occupied as large a space in society as his talents (which were by no means first-rate) permitted; but he was clever, lively, agreeable, good-tempered, good-natured, hospitable, liberal, and rich, a zealous friend, an eager political partisan, full of activity and vivacity, enjoying life, and anxious that the circle of his enjoyment should be widely extended. George Agar Ellis was the only son of Lord Clifden, and obtained early the reputation of being a prodigy of youthful talent and information. He was quick, lively, and had a very retentive memory, and having entered the world with this reputation, and his great expectations besides, he speedily became one of the most conspicuous youths of the day. Having imbibed a great admiration for Lord Orford (Horace Walpole), he evinced a disposition to make him his model, and took pains to store his mind with that sort of light miscellaneous literature in which Lord Orford delighted. He got into the House of Commons, but never was able to speak, never attempted to say more than a few words, and from the beginning gave up all idea of oratorical distinction. After running about the world for a few years he resolved to marry, and as his heart had nothing to do with this determination, he pitched upon a daughter of the Duke of Beaufort's, who he thought would suit his purpose, and confer upon him a very agreeable family connection. Being on a tour in the north, he intended to finish it at Badminton, and there to propose to Lady Georgiana Somerset, with full assurance that he should not be rejected; but having stopped for a few days at Lord Carlisle's at Castle Howard, he there found a girl who spared him the trouble of going any further, and at the expiration of three or four days he proposed in form to Lord Morpeth's second daughter, Georgiana Howard, who, not less surprised than pleased and proud at the conquest she found she had so unconsciously made, immediately accepted him. There never was a less romantic attachment or more business-like engagement, nor was there ever a more fortunate choice or a happier union. Mild, gentle, and amiable, full of devotion to, and admiration of her husband, her soft and feminine qualities were harmoniously blended with his vivacity and animal spirits, and produced together results not more felicitous for themselves than agreeable to all who belonged to their society. Soon after his marriage, Ellis, who had never been vicious or profligate, but who was free from anything like severity or austerity, began to show symptoms of a devout propensity, and not contented with an ordinary discharge of religious duties, he read tracts and sermons, frequented churches and

preachings, gave up driving on Sundays, and appeared in considerable danger of falling into the gulf of Methodism; but this turn did not last long, and whatever induced him to take it up, he apparently became bored with his self-imposed restrictions, and after a little while he threw off his short-lived sanctity, and resumed his worldly habits and irreverent language, for he was always a loose talker.

The editor, in a note, speaks of Lord Dover's "Man in the Iron Mask" as a work that deserves not to be altogether forgotten; but he does not add that it is little more than a recasting of Delort's work on the same subject. And *à propos* to books, Mr. Greville notes a curious family criticism on Fanny Kemble's "Journal" (1835). He was at an evening party at Charles Kemble's. "Father and mother," he says, "both occupied with their daughter's book, which Kemble told me, he had 'never read till it appeared in print, and was full of sublime things and vulgarities;' and the mother 'was divided between admiration and disgust, threw it down six times, and as often picked it up.'"

Mr. Greville had some dramatic tastes; but his criticisms are rather on the players than the plays. In 1829, he thought Miss Fanny Kemble gave great promise, but he describes her as having the "Kemble drawl," and as being "short, ill-made, with large hands and feet." "She doesn't touch me," he says of her Mrs. Beverley. When he first saw Ellen Tree he thought her beautiful and clever, but he subsequently speaks of her as having lost her good looks, and become a second-rate actress. Such judgments are not uncommon; but we are of opinion that wherever unpleasant opinions of living persons are recorded it is the duty of an editor to put his pen through them. Living lords may bear to hear that their fathers were asses, but it is an outrage on living ladies to let them know that they ever were "ill-made," or had become positively "ugly." We may add here, that Lord Glengall's comedy was not called, as the editor thinks, "The Fools (but the *Follies*) of Fashion."

We confess we leave this work with regret. It is not only that it is brimfull of amusement and of valuable historic instruction, but that the personal story has a great interest and a great moral. Mr. Greville's life was a spoilt life. He was fitted for better things than sinecures, or an office with few duties. The former left him in early manhood to much dissipation and idleness, facts, with their

results, which he never ceases to deplore when he leaves the society of highly intellectual men, men of wide reading and retentive memories, and thinks, not always correctly, how much he is their inferior, and how, but for time wasted, he might have been more on an equality with the better-trained men whom he admired and envied. We do him the justice of saying that he has made some amends by contributing these charming Memoirs, as excellent material to the social and political history of his time.

The impression left on the mind by Mr. Greville's Journal is, that he must, after all, have spent a happy life. Yet there was, as the Turks say, some "garlic among the flowers." After recording that he had attained the three things which had been the objects of all his desires without any sensible increase of happiness, he adds, "Perhaps, if it were not for one cause it might be, but until that ceases to exist" (the date is 1821) "it is in vain that I acquire every other advantage or possess the means of amusement." He found some consolation, however, for this mysterious "cause," and remarks with a sententious philosophy which finds repeated illustration, "The more one reads and hears of great men the more reconciled one becomes to one's own mediocrity." Throughout his book, his homage is for the men of wit and culture. He saw too much of the "great men" in political intrigue to feel for them either respect or envy. Mr. Greville died in January, 1865.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

AGATHE MARRON: THE STORY OF A
NEW-CALEDONIAN DEPORTEE.

IV.

WE have said that two days had sufficed to work a great change in Agathe Marron; they were also enough to transform Victor Fielot. He had entered the ex-clerk's house without having elaborated any definite plans as to the time when he should throw away his sword and make off with his money; he left it pining to be quit at once of the lurid atmosphere in which he lived, and to settle into peaceful domestic life. The truth is he was in love with Agathe Marron. Her innocence and beauty had charmed him. Since first seeing her he had reflected very yearningly how sweet his life might become with such a com-

panion; and the tranquil existence which he had led for two days in her society had aroused all the better instincts of his nature, and thrilled those fibres which tie every man's inmost heart to thoughts of home.

Let it be here remarked that Victor Fielot was not innately bad—not cruel or vicious for the love of the thing. He was one of those men whom society should exterminate without quarter, for they are ten times more dangerous than ordinary malefactors; but once in possession of money, he might have been trusted to use it well, and to develop into an honest man in the current sense of that term. Furthermore, Fielot reconciled his ill-gotten gains very easily with his conscience. Like the majority of Frenchmen, he had no religious scruples; and being cognizant of so many men in high station who had made money by illicit means, and enjoyed universal consideration, he thought—and too shrewdly,—that all morality consists in not being found out. He even flattered himself that his money had been much more honestly amassed than that of many financiers and politicians who had grown rich by joint-stock swindles or by rigging the stock-market, and here, again, he was not wholly wrong. His 150,000 francs, as he argued, had belonged to somebody who was in all probability now dead, and his daily embezzlements of pay had been freely surrendered him for services rendered. If he could instal himself in some snug country-house in Switzerland or Belgium with Agathe, he would never more care to defraud a soul, and by the honest use he made of his fortune he would speedily atone, in his own eyes, for the irregular way in which he had acquired it. But first he must marry Agathe, and how could he do that after the scandal which Léontine Fovard's presence and behaviour must have caused?

This was the question he asked of himself, and he racked his head over it as he drove away from the Rue de Fleurus with his mistress, Léontine divining with all the jealous intuition of women what was passing in his mind. She, too, had not a few good qualities underlying her profligacy, for certain forms of vice which seem to obliterate every trace of self-respect in English women do not operate in the same way among the French. Léontine was very deeply attached to Victor Fielot, who was her only lover. She would have stooped to any

species of crime for his sake, but she did not like crime; and she cherished a secret hope—which was the dream and the anxiety of all her hours—that when the war was over they might both fly together, and that a marriage might consecrate their union. Therefore her discovery that Victor was in love with Agathe filled her with a sudden despair and a fury far greater than she dared outwardly reveal. She sat beside her companion, and watched his knitted brow, with a sinking at the heart that almost robbed her of strength; and when abruptly Victor turned round and upbraided her with passionate wrath for having soiled an honest house with her presence, she quailed. But she was not a woman to quail long, nor let her chances of happiness be torn from her without making a desperate struggle to save them. Victor refused to go at once to the breakfast at the Ministry of Justice; he told the coachman to drive to the Quay d'Orsay, and when he had reached the palace he mounted straight to his own room and locked himself in. Léontine, with fevered brow, repaired to another chamber that opened on the staircase, and whence she could follow all Victor's movements if he came out. There she watched.

She had not to watch long, for Victor had taken his resolution. He was no sooner alone than he sat down to write to Agathe one of those burning letters in which a lover who has sinned pours out his whole soul in protestations of tenderness and entreaties for forgiveness. He did not pause to read what he wrote. His pen flew straight over the paper; he filled sheet after sheet with assurances of the devotion he would bestow on Agathe if she would link her fate to his, and in so doing he sketched out a full plan for his escape from Paris. At the end of an hour he finished his letter; sealed it, then unlocked the door, and rang the bell for his servant.

Léontine saw this red-nosed man go in and come out, and when he was passing the door behind which she lurked she beckoned to him to come in. The red-nosed man had no particular reason to feel devoted to his mushroom colonel. A piece of gold was more than enough to make him surrender the letter; only he asked for something else which he might carry to the Rue de Fleurus, in order to be able to give satisfactory replies if Fielot should question him as to who had received the missive. Léontine

nodded, and appeared struck by an idea. A vindictive flash shot through her eyes, and she at once sat down, dashing off a note, which she enclosed in the envelope that Victor had used. Before sealing the letter, however, she felt in her purse for a bank-note and inserted it in the envelope. The man then walked off unconcernedly with his new parcel.

There was always wine in the cupboards of these Communist folk. So after throwing open the window, to see that the messenger was safe on his way down the street, Léontine took a bottle of champagne off a shelf, struck off the neck with a knife, and poured half the contents into a large tumbler. She drank the draught as if it had been so much water, and with her nerves so steadied crouched down rather than sat to read her Victor's love-letter. She thus crouched half an hour, poring over the lines with eyeballs aglare and limbs shivering as in an ague. Twice she re-read the letter; then with cheeks flushed and eyes wild, but demeanor apparently calmed, she ascended to Victor's room and knocked. It was a noble room, which had formerly been the study of the Chancellor of the Legion of Honour—a place where many a Frenchman had come in Imperial days to beg for the magic red ribbon. The colonel was standing with his back to the mantelshelf and smoking. He had spent so much excitement in writing his vows and prayers to Agathe, that now a reaction had set in, and he was moody. The sight of Léontine, however, aroused his smouldering anger, and he said curtly, "I shall not go to that breakfast at Protot's—and to-night I shall change my lodging. I find arrears of work here, and a man cannot think or write with soldiers rioting in that courtyard." Saying which he waved his hand towards the window, whence one could descry a mob of shabby soldiers playing pitch and toss, and chaffing one another.

"Very well!" answered Léontine, calmly. "I will pack up our things and be ready."

"You need not give yourself the trouble—Jean will see to my traps, and there is no reason why you should move."

"You mean, then, that I am not to go with you?" she said, making an effort to contain herself.

"Yes, I do," he replied, impatiently. "After what occurred this morning the sooner we part the better."

Léontine rapidly advanced towards

him and brought her face close to his. It was a handsome face, but its expression was so menacing that the cigar which was on its way to the colonel's lips stopped short, and Fielot felt a sensation of passing cold in the limbs.

"Look here, Victor," muttered Léontine, dwelling on each of her words with trembling force; "you and I never part so long as we both are alive. Crime has united us. I have given up my life to you—I love you. Ask me to grovel in the mud that you may have a meal, or to fling myself on a bayonet that you may escape a scratch, and I will obey you. But I would sooner kill you with my own hands, aye, or have you killed by others, than see you the husband of another woman."

"Queer love!" said Victor, with a stinging laugh.

"It's love according to my own notions," she answered, with a reckless gesture. "I can't give you any other."

"You're intoxicated!" retorted Victor, brutally pushing her back as she tried to clutch at him, half for support, half in supplication.

"I'm more than that—I feel mad," sobbed she, seizing his arms, and this time with such strength that he could not cast her off. "Don't defy me, Victor; it would be the worse for both of us. You can only judge of the extent of the harm I should do you by the depth of my love and devotion if you let me remain with you as before. You will, won't you, Victor? You know how meek and good I have always been with you. You won't drive me away?"

She had sunk to her knees, and seeing her so wild and despairing, he thought it prudent to appease her, for he knew of what acts of vengeance women are capable if pushed to lengths. Accordingly, after a moment's inward combat, during which she twined herself round him, as if she feared to be torn from him by bodily strength, he said, with a hollow laugh, "Why, all this is nonsense, Titine; who ever meant you to take my words so seriously? That little girl in the Rue de Fleurus had money, which I wanted to get from her, and I was angry with you for spoiling my game—that's all."

Base as he was, he loathed himself for this falsehood, which cast a slime of unworthy motives on his love for Agathe; but he would have loathed himself still more could he have guessed that his letter to Agathe was in Léontine's

pocket, and that she knew his words were untruths, only intended to quiet her resentment until he could find an opportunity for deserting her.

V.

THE letter which the Communist soldier took to the Rue de Fleurus in Colonel Fielot's name was addressed to Agathe herself, and ran in this wise:—

"Mademoiselle, — My husband finds himself a little unwell on reaching home, but he begs me to write and renew his thanks for the hospitality you so amiably afforded him during three days. As that hospitality probably put you to some expense, he directs me to enclose you a bank-note for a hundred francs.

"Receive the assurances of my personal gratitude and esteem.

"LEONTINE FIELOT."

To say that this infamous letter crushed all that had remained of illusion in Agathe's heart after Victor's departure is to say too little. In one day the poor child, who had never endured or suspected evil at the hands of any living soul, was made to fathom the whole abyss of human baseness. She felt so stunned that she returned the bank-note in an envelope without a word of writing; and she refrained from telling her father that she had received the letter. This reticence she could not have explained if any one had asked her the reason. But doubtless the cause could have been detected in one of those inexplicable weaknesses of love which makes it impossible for an innocent woman to despise wholly a man in whom she has reposed her trustful affection even for a day, and which makes it unspeakably bitter to her to see that man debased in other eyes. Agathe did not see or hear of Victor for four weeks; and during that time the clouds gathered thick and fast over the insurgents of the Commune. There is no need to describe here the defeats and panics, the false alarms, the sanguinary predictions, the terror and general disorganization of that final month of the rebellion; for all these things did not mix with the emotions of Agathe's life. She did not read the newspapers, and her father did not read them to her either, for he noticed — without being able entirely to unravel the mystery — that from the day of Colonel de Fielot's departure she had begun to droop. There were blue rims round each of her eyes; her step had become

slow, her voice plaintively soft, and she only spoke when addressed. The old servant, Aglae, more perspicuous than M. Marron, probably saw through the whole matter; but she kept her own counsel, which is the most charitable way of offering comfort in circumstances where no solace can avail. Thus Agathe was kept in ignorance that the Commune were being defeated. She heard the firing of cannon as usual, but she had become used to it; there had been so many months of cannonading, first by Germans, then by Frenchmen completing their country's ruin, that she had lapsed into a sort of belief that the war would last forever.

One morning, however — one memorable morning — the report was spread that the Versailles troops had entered Paris during the night. It was on a Monday, and old Aglae brought the news when she returned from fetching the milk. "At last this ungodly Commune is defeated," grumbled she, with visible satisfaction; "and not too soon either."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed M. Marron, who was having his coat-collar brushed for him by Agathe. "You don't mean to say the Versailles are already masters of the city?" and he made a move towards the door as if he already wished to be in the street.

"Not masters yet, and there'll be a few days' barricading, I dare say; but these unshriven ragamuffins can't hold out long. Meanwhile the orders are to open all the shutters and close the windows, so don't go opening a window to put your head out — do you hear, Monsieur Marron?"

"I think I'll take a turn, though, to see the look of matters," said M. Marron, as if his feet itched to go gadding.

"Yes, take a turn and get some bullets put into your curious head," retorted Aglae, shrilly. "What you'll do is to stay at home till all this is over, for I'm not going to have you brought home on a stretcher to frighten mademoiselle out of her senses. If you try to stir out I'll call up the neighbours to tie you down in bed."

M. Marron was miserable at having to stay at home. He groaned peevishly, and for an hour he ran to and fro like a caged animal, flattening his nose against the window-panes and watching the people and stray soldiers who rushed hurriedly down the street like shadows.

As for Agathe she sank down into a chair speechless; but her temples

throbbed violently, for suddenly a great alarm had fallen upon her. So long as the Commune had held Paris she had not paid much attention to the fighting, nor had she ever entered into the rights and wrongs of the struggle. But now the whole truth broke upon her with a flash. It was not an ordinary war in which Victor de Fielot was engaged. He was not a soldier in arms against a foreign enemy, but an insurgent who had rebelled against the government of his country; and if he was caught what would they do with him? As this question loomed up before her, she trembled from head to foot. Do what she would she could not feel indifferent to the Communist colonel's fate. She had endeavoured to put away his image from her mind. Through sleepless nights and weary days she had told herself that he was not worthy to occupy her thoughts, but at the certainty that he was in danger all her interest in him revived, and she remembered only the man who had clasped her hand and looked on her with tearful eyes, begging her not to misjudge him, but to recollect what temptations he had suffered. When the recollection of these words came back to her they dispelled every vestige of her resentment. Abruptly she rose, fled to her room, and put on her bonnet. Then she hastened out towards the door, but was stopped in the passage by Aglae.

"Aglae," said she, impetuously, "I must go out."

"Go out!" cried the servant, who was carrying a pile of plates in her arms. "Why, have you turned crazy too?"

"Please let me pass, or I shall be too late," faltered Agathe, in a wandering way. "I will try to be back soon, but I cannot stay here just now—I want to know something."

Aglae, in surprise, set down her plates and pushed the girl back, but with not unkind force, into her room. Then Agathe sat down on her bed and burst into tears.

"Cry my pet, relieve your heart; it will do you good," said the old servant with motherly solicitude. "I know what's grieving you, but you may set your mind at rest. Those men can always take care of themselves; and besides, you could be of no use to him amid all this trouble."

Agathe knew that she could be of no use, and it was a passing folly that had impelled her to go out. But she cried piteously, and by-and-by, with the tears

running from her eyes, she went to look through the closed windows of the drawing-room with her father. The tidings of the besiegers' entry into Paris had by this time reached to all the quarters of the city, and the distant echoes of bugles and alarm-drums could be heard calling insurgent battalions to muster. Soon companies of troops filed down the streets in heavy marching order, their knapsacks on their backs, their tin water-bottles by their sides, but their tunics open at the throat for greater convenience in fighting. There were National Guards, in red and black; the Vengeurs de Flourens, in white caps and trousers; the Turcos of the Commune, in costumes of light-blue and scarlet; and all these men showed signs of fatigue, having either been up all night or awakened too early. They tramped over the paving-stones, they trudged, they passed onwards, urged by the shouts of their mounted commanders, and before long from the direction where they had vanished came reports of rifle-firing, first single shots, then continuous discharges, keeping up a deafening rattle. All the people in the houses were pasting slips of paper over their windows, to save the panes from breaking through the concussion; but the shivering of glass could be heard now and then for all that, and occasionally some stray bullet, whistling along a roof, would shred away half-a-dozen slates and bring them down with a clatter into the street. After a while these bullets arrived more frequently and in volleyed numbers. It seemed as though the combatants were approaching, and as though shots were being fired through the windows of upper storeys. One could distinguish the different hissing noises made by the bullets of Chassepot, Remington, and percussion rifles—the first a short *whish-h*, the second more tremulous, the third a prolonged whistle, as of silk being torn. Towards mid-day the first shell from a battery established at Mont Parnasse flew over the streets with that peculiar screech like a hawk's. Others succeeded; reports came faster and faster, and suddenly an ill-spiced shell fell into the courtyard of one of the houses, exploding with a loud bang, and being followed by terrific riot of shrieks, broken glass, and falling stones. There was not a soul to be seen in the streets now. People had intrenched themselves in their lodgings, and scared faces peeped behind windows, exchanging by dumb finger-show questions with

others over the way, and deriving little comfort from the conversation. From time to time a deserting rebel could be seen bounding through the street without arms or head-dress, having recoiled at the last moment from risking his life for the cause in which he had been enrolled, probably against his will. But the firing and carnage proceeded; and all this while the sun shone in all the glory of a warm May-day. The heavens were blue, the sun shot golden rays on to the white façades of the houses; and in the recesses of doorways large shadows appeared to offer cool peaceful shelters.

The fratricidal battle raged all day, and at nightfall gathered rather than diminished in intensity. By this time the sky was clouded by huge columns of smoke, and here and there long forked streaks of purple told of houses that were burning. The fight was drawing nearer, and it was evident that the Communists were losing ground. Whole companies of them, grimy with powder, footsore, and with many of the men limping, began to surge through the streets in routed disorder. But others hurried up from contrary directions, fierce, flushed, and heated with drink, so that there was no telling for certain with what hazards the warfare was being carried on. The combatants seemed to disappear into a yawning cavern of tumult and flame.

When night arrived, however, Agathe's anguish culminated in a revival of excitement, and she again talked deliriously about going out. As for M. Marron, he broiled with impatience to get news of some sort. Never since his boyhood had he passed twelve mortal hours without opening a newspaper; and thinking that Agathe's agitation was due to the same causes as his, he moaned sympathizingly with her, and exclaimed that it was a woful thing to be a whole day without knowing what was going on in one's own city. At nine o'clock the prospect of having to spend the night in utter ignorance of who were the winners crept like spasms over his mind, and proved too much for him. There was another *bourgeois* of his own inquisitive sort who lived opposite him, and M. Marron be-thought him that under cover of the dusk he could just run across the way and compare notes with this fellow-sufferer for a brief quarter of an hour. He did not impart his plan to Aglae, but rushed out without warning and bareheaded, for the servant had locked up his hat. Aglae, who heard his retreating feet scamper

down the staircase, issued after him with a broom, but only caught sight of his coat-tails fluttering apart as he pelted away two steps at a time.

She turned back with a wrathful shrug, but immediately all her strength was in request to restrain Agathe, who, as soon as her father had departed, seemed to lose all control over her senses. Her face was haggard, her hands burned with fever, and she came to the door, entreating: "Aglæ, I implore you to let me out. It is dark now; nobody can see me."

"Do you think the bullets want eyes to fly through the night?" cried Aglae, with rough eloquence, as she barred the way. "Why, see too the house—it's all in a tremor from the noise, and shells may burst in the streets at any minute."

"I conjure you to let me go!" pleaded Agathe, naking a feeble dart to pass by. "I shall die this night if you do not listen to me. My head is in a whirl of pain."

"You are beside yourself, that's it," cried the servant, forcibly shutting the door, and keeping Agathe back. "Go and lie down in your room, mademoiselle. How can you hope to find that man in the night? He must have left his house long ago, and be fighting now, or dead. Besides, if he were lying wounded in the street, and by running ten yards you could save him, I wouldn't let you. You've no mother now, and I've got to look after you."

But Agathe was not rebuffed. Women moved by the fire of love become heroines, and for the first time Agathe's gentle nature rose in rebellion; her eyes flushed, and her small hands were clenched. "I insist on going out—do you hear?" she broke out, with an hysterical sob, and advanced once more. But Aglae, without replying, caught her round the arms like a child, lifted her from the floor, and ran with her into the drawing-room, where she deposited her on a sofa. Scarcely had she crossed the threshold, however, than the bell on the landing of the flat was pulled, and as Agathe was struggling the servant quickly disengaged herself and ran to open the door, thinking it must be M. Marron who had rung, and that the presence of her father would make Agathe hear reason. So she turned the key in the lock, and a bearded man brushed hurriedly by her and passed into the drawing-room. But it was not M. Marron.

Agathe uttered a scream, for the man had pulled off his false beard and thrown

himself in one rush at her feet. It was Victor Fielot in civilian's dress. He was covered with dust, his face streamed with perspiration, and as he covered her trembling hands with kisses he stammered, "I could not come before. I have been watched for the past month — all my footsteps have been dogged by that woman. I warned you in my letter what a harp she was, but I added that I should come to you soon or late, whatever happened; and here I am."

"What letter?" faltered Agathe, who had no strength to withdraw her hands, nor indeed to do anything save ask this question.

"Why, did you not get my letter?" exclaimed Victor, starting. "I wrote on the very day I left here to tell you I loved you — to ask your forgiveness — to swear that as soon as I could desert that accursed cause I would come and pray your father to give me your hand, and that we might go away and live in some foreign land, forgetting all this. Say, Agathe, did you not receive that letter?"

"I received no letter," murmured Agathe; for, divining now that the other letter must have been sent her, unknown to Victor, by the woman who had signed herself Léontine, she was too generous to make allusion to it. An emotion full of joy, yet of lingering doubt, was running through her head; Victor was opposite her, bending a yearning glance into her eyes, and her hands were still warm with his kisses. "No; I received no letter," she repeated faintly.

"Ah! that woman must have intercepted it," he cried, clasping his forehead, and muttering a curse. "But no matter, I am here, Agathe. I have two hundred and fifty thousand francs in bank-notes sewn about me. Hide me somewhere, in a cupboard, a cellar, anywhere, till the battle is over, and then I will leave Paris by St. Denis, where the Prussians are. I have a passport, and you can join me in England. But quick, my own child, for the Versailles are already in this quarter, and before long they will be searching all the houses for refugees. They have done that in all the other quarters they have invaded."

Victor did not ask Agathe whether she accepted his love; he probably saw by her blushes and troubled glances that she did. Agathe rose when he had mentioned the instant imminence of danger, and made an appealing gesture to Aglae, who had been standing dumbstricken in

the room since Victor's entry. Aglae was not evilly-disposed towards the Communist colonel, for he had bestowed on her those gold pieces the last time he was there; and now his confession of having 10,000*l.* about him gave him an eminently respectable standing — outlaw though he was. "There is a deep cupboard in my room," said she, after a moment's puzzled scrutiny of the insurgent. "I can mask it with my bed, and nobody will suspect its existence; but it's not sure that any one will search either."

"They will search," ejaculated Victor, passing a handkerchief over his reeking brow; "they are searching everywhere for arms and men in uniform. When they come don't mention that you've ever seen me."

"No danger," grumbled Aglae; "we don't want our throats cut for your sake. But what's that noise?"

The question was evoked by a sudden and loud altercation that was resounding on the staircase. M. Marron's tongue was protesting in terms of fright and indignation, and an angry woman was replying to him. Both Victor and Agathe recognized the tones of the woman's voice as Léontine Fovard's; and before another half-minute had elapsed Léontine stood before them, glaring fury and jealous vengeance.

"Victor!" she cried, as Agathe clutched to her lover in terror, "Victor, you swear now before me, and in the presence of that woman, that you'll never more forsake me, or your minutes and hers are numbered. The Versailles are at the end of the street!"

She was standing in the doorway, in a black silk dress and a long cloak, and her hair, disordered by emotion or by her mad ramble through Paris, fell over her brow and shoulders, giving her the look of an escaped maniac. Victor, who had turned livid at the first sound of her voice, now drew a revolver from his pocket, and strode towards her with an exasperated gesture.

"See here, Léontine, I have firearms; and if it were not that by killing you I should render myself a murderer in the sight of this angel, to whose purity your presence is an insult, I should shoot you dead at her feet. And I *should* have shot you if I had been alone with you in the street — I should have shot you if I could have thought this morning that you would guess my intention of coming here. It must have been Jean who betrayed me

—the double-dyed scoundrel! Now, consider that my affianced bride has saved your life, and begone."

"That is your last word?" gasped Léontine, and there was nothing earthly in the hoarse tone in which she put this question.

"It is my last word. Begone!" And as if he feared to trust himself with the revolver, Victor threw it away from him on the sofa.

"I will begone," said Léontine implacably, "but you have not seen the last of me;" exclaiming which she darted the glance of a wounded tigress on Agathe; and, wrapping her cloak quickly round her, turned and fled down the staircase.

"I am lost!" exclaimed Victor, after standing for an instant motionless. "Concealment is of no use, Agathe; let me fly, for if they found me here you and your father might suffer."

"Yes, for God's sake fly, and at once!" shouted M. Marron, who had been an awestricken witness of the foregoing scene, but now felt his knees shiver at the thought of being held responsible for harbouring an insurgent. His enthusiasm for the Commune had sensibly declined now that that institution was on its last legs. "Yes, for God's sake, fly!" he repeated. "Agathe, are you mad? Let go monsieur's arm!"

But Agathe clung to Victor with the desperation of death. "There is a trap-door leading to the roof!" she cried in broken accents. "He can escape through there, and go over the leads to some other house!"

"The trap-door is locked, and I don't know where the ladder is!" shrieked M. Marron, in a kind of panic-stricken gulp.

"Besides, it's too late!" exclaimed Aglae, running towards the window white as a sheet. "There's that woman shouting outside, and I hear soldiers." Then the Communist fell into a sudden calm. His lips ceased to quiver, but his face was like a statue's.

"Good-bye, darling," he said, clasping Agathe in his arms. "After all, I was not worthy to possess you. One kiss—it shall be my absolution; and by-and-by try to think forgivingly of me."

Stooping over her, he pressed a burning kiss on her lips; then with a force greater than her own freed himself from her embrace and ran out. Agathe raised a heart-rending cry and endeavoured to follow him, but her father and Aglae held

her back by sheer force. There was a hideous struggle of a minute's duration, and then Agathe, baffled, and locked into the drawing-room, sprang from Aglae's arms like a young cat, flew to the window, wrenched it open, and looked into the street.

It was pitch-dark, for the gas-lamps had not been lit that night, but the rays of two lanterns held aloft by men with drawn swords threw a lurid gleam on some hundred bayonets. The pavement on both sides of the way appeared to be covered with soldiers, and in the middle of the road was a group from out of which rose clear into the night words which fell like flakes of searing fire on Agathe's ears. A woman's voice was crying, "That is the notorious Colonel Fielot—he has 250,000 francs about him, the fruits of plunder!"

"It's true!" answered Fielot's voice. "Let me stand against the wall, and make an end of me quickly. I have nothing to say."

There was an instant's deliberation, then the group opened; and shadows seemed to flutter on the wall. A clump of men stood out clear in the glow of the lanterns, and in the luminous circle formed some dozen barrels uprose. Then something wild and terrible was enacted; for, just before the report of the rifles rang in the night air, a second shadow rushed forward and blended itself with the first. A struggle ensued, and one shadow seemed to repel the other, but suddenly both dropped to the earth together, the woman embracing the man, and raving: "Oh, Victor, forgive me!..."

VI.

THERE was, until lately, in New Caledonia a woman whose inscription on the register of the penal colony ran as follows: "No. 303,001: Agathe Marron. Sentenced to transportation for life for firing six barrels of a revolver at soldiers who had executed her paramour, Victor Fielot. This convict is an orphan. Her father, Adolphe Marron, and a servant named Aglae Dubois, who lived with them, were both shot under the impression that they were accomplices in the girl's act of vengeance. Agathe herself was not executed, owing to her extreme youth; hence her arrest. She has refused to answer any questions; but her behaviour has shown resignation."

One day Agathe Marron disappeared from the convict settlement; but whether

she had escaped, or been drowned in the water between the Island of Pines and the Presqu'île Ducos has never been ascertained.

From The Academy.

THE EXPLORATION OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

To the President of the Royal Geographical Society.

SIR,—Ten years ago when Arctic exploration was sought to be revived by the Royal Geographical Society, all, I think, were agreed as to the main points of the subject, while a diversity of opinion arose regarding one point, which appears to me to be only of secondary importance now, namely, the route to be chosen. There was a great deal of discussion upon this point, and whether it would be more advisable for a new English expedition to proceed west of Greenland up Smith Sound, or east of it, anywhere in the wide sea between Greenland and Nowaya Zemlya.

From the results arrived at by actual exploration since 1865, and the light shed by it upon the subject, it appears to me that a real ground for any such diversity of opinion no more exists, as the most noteworthy fact brought out by the various recent Polar expeditions is a greater navigability in all parts of the Arctic seas than was formerly supposed to exist.

For my part I readily admit that the Smith Sound route has turned out to be a great deal more practicable and navigable than could formerly be surmised from the experience of Kane and Hayes. Certainly both these attempts were made with insufficient means, Kane's *Advance* being only a sailing-brig, heavily laden, and blown about by unusually strong gales; and Hayes's schooner, the *United States*, a mere sailing-vessel of 133 tons, not fit for navigation in the Arctic seas. When therefore Hall, in 1871, tried this route with the *Polaris*, he achieved most astounding results, for he sailed and steamed from Tessinsak without interruption in one stretch through the ill-famed Melville Bay, Smith Sound, Kennedy Channel, and into new seas as far as 82° N. latitude, a distance of 700 miles, with the greatest ease in seven days, and even reached beyond the 82nd parallel. Yet his vessel, the *Polaris*, was only a small, weak-powered steamer, by no means well fitted for the work, and manned by a mot-

ley crew hampered by Eskimo families and little children.

While I thus readily admit my expectations to have been far exceeded by recent experience, similar progress has also been made on all the other routes into the central area of the Arctic regions, and a great deal has been achieved, even with small means. From the results already arrived at it is evident that with appropriate steam-vessels making use of the experience gained, that central area will be penetrated as far as the North Pole, or any other point.

As I cannot but think that an English exploring expedition will soon leave for the Arctic regions, I take this opportunity to state to you explicitly, that I withdraw everything I formerly said that might be construed into a diversity of opinion on the main points at issue, and that I now distinctly approve beforehand of any route or direction that may be decided on for a new expedition by British geographers.

For those expeditions which I myself have been able to set on foot since 1865, the most direct and shortest routes and the nearest goals seemed the most advisable, as only very small means could be raised, and these chiefly by promising to break new ground and opening new lines of research never before attempted. With the same small means at our command we could not have done as much as we did elsewhere. At my instance, more or less, seven very modest expeditions and summer cruises went forth: the first one, a reconnoitring tour in 1868 under Captain Koldewey, consisted of a little Norwegian sloop of only about sixty tons, no bigger than an ordinary trawling-smack; she was purchased at Bergen, received the name *Germania*, and went towards East Greenland, then to the east of Bear Island, on the north of Spitzbergen, beyond the 81st parallel, and surveyed portions of East Spitzbergen not before reached by English or Swedish expeditions. Next year, 1869, started the so-called second German expedition, consisting of two vessels—a screw-steamer of 143 tons called the *Germania*, and a sailing-brig of 242 tons called the *Hansa*, as a tender; they went again to East Greenland, explored this coast as far as 77° N. lat., and discovered a magnificent inlet, Franz Joseph Fjord, extending far into the interior of Greenland, navigable, and the shores of it enlivened by herds of reindeer and musk oxen. It was also shown that the interior of Green-

land in this region consists not of a slightly elevated table-land, as formerly supposed, but of splendid mountain masses of Alpine character. The account of this expedition, which also wintered on the coast of East Greenland in $74^{\circ} 1-2^{\circ}$ N. lat., is before you in an English dress. Besides this, I got my friend Mr. Rosenthal, a shipowner, to allow two scientific men, Dr. Dorst and Dr. Bessels, to accompany two of his whaling-steamers, one to explore the seas east of Spitzbergen, the other those east of Greenland; both made highly interesting and valuable scientific observations, which have not yet been published. In 1870, my friends Baron Heuglin and Count Zeil went from Tromsø in a small schooner of thirty tons to East Spitzbergen, and collected most interesting information on a region never before visited by scientific men; and when Baron Heuglin had been out a second time the next following year (1871), again with one of Rosenthal's expeditions, he published a valuable work in three volumes. In the same year Payer and Weyprecht went in the *Isbjörn*, a sailing vessel of forty tons, from Tromsø, to explore still further northward than Bessels the sea east of Spitzbergen, which was done with great success as high up as $78^{\circ} 43'$ N. lat. (in $42^{\circ} 1-2^{\circ}$ E. long. Gr.), and as far east as 59° E. long. The scientific results of this cruise have also not yet been fully worked out.

Thus, from the interior of Greenland in 30° W. long. to 59° E. long. east of Spitzbergen, a width of about 90° of longitude has been explored, and highly interesting results obtained. The cost of these seven expeditions and cruises was about 140,000 thalers, or altogether 20,000*l.*, of which only 5,000 thalers, or 750*l.*, were contributed by the government of Germany, all the rest by private individuals, my friend Rosenthal spending upwards of 30,000 thalers. Half of the results of these expeditions have not yet been published, but the work of the second German expedition in four volumes, and that by Baron Heuglin in three volumes are finished, and are, I think, a credit to the explorers.

I have mentioned these details in order to show that such endeavours to extend human knowledge, improve the spirit of the navy, and foster a taste for the cause of science, are not necessarily expensive. A really effective expedition will cost more, but also accomplish more; in this respect a writer in the *Athenæum*, in reviewing our second expedition, says that

"to start on expeditions such as these in vessels ill-adapted, ill-strengthened, ill-found, and ill-provisioned, is but to court failure," to which I say Amen.

One well-appointed English expedition of one or two strong steamers may well be able to penetrate to the furthest point of our globe. Even the whaling-ships, now furnished as they are with steam, penetrate as a rule to where it was formerly thought impossible for such a fleet, to pursue their valuable fisheries; the ill-famed middle ice of Baffin's Bay is to them no more impenetrable, and extreme points reached by former discovery-expeditions in the course of a long series of years, are now visited and passed by one whaling-vessel in the course of a few summer months.

Up to 1869 the general opinion was that from Bear Island in $74^{\circ} 1-2^{\circ}$ N. lat. there extended the line of heavy impenetrable pack-ice eastward as far as Nowaya Zemlya; that — working along this coast — the furthest limit of navigation was at Cape Nassau, and that the Kara Sea was entirely and always filled with masses of ice, totally impracticable for any navigation. But the Norwegians, with their frail fishing-smacks of only thirty tons on an average, have for five consecutive years every year navigated all those seas hitherto considered as totally impenetrable; they have repeatedly circumnavigated the whole of Nowaya Zemlya, crossed the Kara Sea in every direction, penetrated to the Obi and Yenisei, and shown beyond the shadow of a doubt that navigation can generally be pursued there during five months of the year, from June to October, and, moreover, that the whole of the Kara Sea and the Siberian Sea far to the north are every year more or less cleared of their ice, both by its melting and drifting away to the north. I have had the journals of many of these cruises sent to me from Norway, containing a mass of good observations made at the instance of the Government Meteorological Office, under the superintendence of Professor Mohr, at Christiania. If another proof of confirmation was wanting, it has been furnished by Mr. Wiggins, of Sunderland, who this summer also navigated through the Kara Sea as far as the mouth of Obi.

As to the sea between Nowaya Zemlya and Spitzbergen, the very first time in our days its navigation was attempted, namely, by Weyprecht and Payer in 1871, it was found navigable even to a small sailing-vessel of forty tons up to 79° N.

lat., and in the eastern half of it no ice whatever was met with. The experience of their last expedition, in 1872, certainly has been the reverse, as they encountered much and dense ice, at least in the direction of Cape Nassau, but it would lead to erroneous conclusions, if it was not taken into account that the Norwegians at the same time found the western half of that sea quite free from ice.

I am not going to make any remark upon the late Austrian expedition, as its results and observations are not yet sufficiently before us; but I am authorized by a letter of Lieutenant Weyprecht, the nautical commander, dated November 1, to state that, before he has published his extensive observations, he warns against all premature conclusions, and concludes the letter, which I shall publish in the next part of the *Mittheilungen*, and in which he expresses his own views on the Arctic question for the first time, with the sentence, "that he considers the route through the Siberian Sea as far as Bering Strait as practicable as before, and would readily take the command of another expedition in the same direction."

I believe myself that the navigability of the seas to the north of Nowaya Zemlya can as little be called in question by this one drift of the Austrian expedition, as the navigability of Baffin's Bay by the drifts of De Haven, McClintock, and the crew of the *Polaris*. These drifts by no means prevent others from penetrating the same seas.

And here I may be allowed to refer in a few words to the other end of this route, the seas north of Bering Strait. Captain Cook, in 1778, and his second in command, Captain Clerke in 1779, thought they had reached the extreme limit of navigation by attaining Icy Cape (in $70^{\circ} 1-2^{\circ}$ N. lat.) on the American, and North Cape (in 69° N. lat.) on the Asiatic side, and they considered further attempts there as madness as well as to any practical purpose useless. Captain Beechey, however, with his lieutenant, the present Admiral Sir Edward Belcher, penetrated already in 1826 as far as Point Barrow, and expressed the result of his experience in the weighty sentence: "I have always been of opinion that a navigation may be performed along any coast of the Polar Sea that is continuous."* And true enough, many a follower has sailed along the whole of the northern-

most coast of America, though exposed to the pressure of the immense pack ice masses from the north impinging upon these coasts. Captain Kellett with the *Herald*, a vessel not intended for ice-navigation, penetrated in 1849 with ease to $72^{\circ} 51$ m. N. lat. into the Polar Sea so much dreaded by Cook and Clerke, discovered Herald Island, and what is now called by some Wrangel Land, and found the ice not at all so formidable as supposed previously.* Passing over the similar experience of Collinson, McClure, Rodgers and others, we come to the time when the Americans established a highly profitable whale-fishery in seas considered entirely useless by Cook and Clerke, gaining as much as eight millions of dollars in two years. It was in one of these years that a shipmaster went as far as 74° N. lat. nearly due north of Herald Island, and saw peaks and mountain ranges far to the northward of his position. Another, Captain Long, went a considerable distance along the Siberian coast to the west, and did more in a few days with a sailing-vessel than Admiral Wrangel had been able to accomplish with sledges in winter, in the course of four years, in the same region. In a letter dated Honolulu, January 15, 1868, he says: "That the passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean will be accomplished by one of the routes I have indicated, I have as much faith in as I have in any uncertain event of the future, and much more than I had fifteen years ago in the success of the Atlantic telegraph. Although this route will be of no great importance to commerce as a transit from one ocean to the other, yet could the passage along the coast as far as the mouth of the Lena be successfully made every year (which I think probable), it would be of great benefit in developing the resources of Northern Siberia."†

To the north-east of Spitzbergen also an interesting cruise was recently made by Mr. Leigh Smith, who in 1871, with only a sailing-schooner of 85 tons, reached as far as $27^{\circ} 25$ m. E. of Gr. in $80^{\circ} 27$ m. N. lat., four degrees of longitude farther than any authenticated and observing navigator before him. At this point he had before him to the east, consequently in the direction of the newly-discovered Franz Joseph Land, nothing but open water on September 6, 1871, as far as the eye could reach.

* Beechey, *Voyage*, vol. ii. p. 297.

* *Proceedings R. G. S.*, xii. p. 99.
† *Nautical Magazine*, 1868, p. 242.

That land would be found in the locality where the Austrian expedition actually found it, I have long predicted. Gillis Land, after Keulen's map generally considered to be situated in 80° N. lat., 30° E. long., by the Swedish explorers erroneously put down in 79° N. lat., I have from the original text concluded to be in $81^{\circ} 1-2^{\circ}$ N. lat. and 37° E. long. Gr. This approaches to within eighty nautical miles of Franz Joseph Land, which was sighted westward as far as 46° E. long., but in this longitude there was not as yet any limit of the land. The flight of immense numbers of brent geese and other birds in the same direction has long been observed by various voyagers, and it has also been noticed that not only migrations of birds, but also of mammals, take the same direction; the Norwegian fishermen on the north of Spitzbergen have repeatedly caught immense numbers of walrus and ice-bears at the Seven Islands, and especially on their north-eastern side, whereas at Spitzbergen the walrus is now very scarce, and the ice-bear almost extinct.

I consider it also highly probable that that great Arctic pioneer and navigator, William Baffin, may have seen the western shores of Franz Joseph Land as long ago as 1614, for in that year he proceeded to 81° N. lat., and thought he saw land as far as 82° to the north-east of Spitzbergen, which is accordingly marked in one of Purchas' maps.* It is true the account of this voyage is very meagre, and so is the account of his voyage and still greater discovery of Baffin's Bay, two years after, which Sir John Barrow calls "the most vague, indefinite, and unsatisfactory," and in his map leaves out Baffin's Bay altogether, and this, be it observed, in the year 1818.† Barrington and Beaufoy, though inserting Baffin's discoveries in their map dated March 1, 1818, describe them in the following words:—"Baffin's Bay, according to the relation of W. Baffin in 1616, *but not now believed!*" With Barents' important voyages and discoveries it is exactly the same. The Russians, who only navigated as far as Cape Nassau, also tried to erase Barents' discoveries from the map, and cut off the north-eastern part of Nowaya Zemlya altogether.‡ But old Barents

has been found more trustworthy and correct than all the Russian maps and pilots put together. Even the identical winter hut of that great Dutch navigator, nearly 300 years old, was found by the Norwegian Captain Carlsen on September 9, 1871, and many interesting relics brought home by him, so that the truth and correctness of those famous old Dutch voyages has been proved beyond all doubt. In like manner, Baffin's voyage to within sight of the western shores of Franz Joseph Land may be considered trustworthy until some substantial proof of the contrary is brought forward. Nay, it even appears to me that the report given of another remarkable voyage of a Dutch navigator, Cornelis Roule, merits attention, and is to be considered in the same way as Baffin's and Barents', so that if it be as true as the voyages of these navigators, it may yet be found that Franz Joseph Land was already discovered, and sailed through up to $74^{\circ} 1-2^{\circ}$ or 75° N. lat. nearly 300 years ago. This report runs thus: "I am informed with certainty that Captain Cornelis Roule has been in $84^{\circ} 1-2^{\circ}$ or 85° N. lat. in the longitude of Nowaya Zemlya, and has sailed about 40 miles between broken land, seeing large open water behind it. He went on shore with his boat, and, from a hill, it appeared to him that he could go three days more to the north. He found lots of birds there, and very tame."* Now the mean longitude of Nowaya Zemlya is 60° E. Gr., and passes right through Austria Sound and Franz Joseph Land; the latter is a "broken land" also, behind which Lieutenant Payer saw "large open water" and found "lots of birds"!

Be this as it may, we now come to Sir Edward Parry's voyage north of Spitzbergen, regarding which it is an undoubted fact that he reached $82^{\circ} 45'$ N. lat., the furthest well-authenticated point yet reached by any navigator, and a feat unsurpassed to this day.†

There is, however, no doubt that the northern coast of Spitzbergen lies just in the teeth of one of the most formidable ice-currents, and one that, summer and winter, is sweeping its ice-masses directly towards these coasts. If, therefore, an English expedition should take

the pilot Ziwoika, from the latest examinations, by which it will be seen that more than the eastern half represented on our maps has no existence in reality"!

* Wilsen N. & O. Tartarye, folio 1707, 2 edit. p. 920. See also *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, ix. p. 178.

† *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xii. p. 197.

* Barrington and Beaufoy, pp. 40, 41.

† Barrow, *Chronological History*, p. 216 and map.

‡ This was actually attempted by a pilot of the "Russian Imperial Marine," and found its way also into vol. viii. of the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, p. 411, where the map is spoken of as "showing the actual outline of its coasts, as traced by

Spitzbergen as a base to start from, it would require two vessels, one of which ought to go up the west coast, the other up the east coast; for when northerly and westerly winds prevail, the first vessel would probably be hampered by ice, and the second vessel find it navigable up the east coast, and if easterly and southerly winds prevail, the reverse would be the case.

It is by way of Smith Sound, however, that navigation has hitherto been pushed furthest, and here an English expedition, so long projected, may well operate. At the same time the east coast of Greenland seems still worthy of attention. The second German expedition did not proceed far to the north, it is true, but it was easy enough to reach the coast, and Lieutenant Payer told me, this was merely something like a "cab's drive." Captain Gray, of Peterhead, a most experienced Arctic navigator, wrote already in 1868, thus: "Having for many years pursued the whale-fishery on the east coast of Greenland, and observed the tides, the set of currents, and the state of the ice in that locality at various seasons of the year, I think that little, if any, difficulty would be experienced in carrying a vessel in a single season to a very high latitude, if not to the Pole itself, by taking the ice at about the latitude of 75° , where generally exists a deep bight, sometimes running in a north-west direction upwards of 100 miles towards Shannon Island, from thence following the continent of Greenland as long as it was found to tend in the desired direction, and afterwards pushing northwards through the loose fields of ice, which I shall show may be expected to be found in that locality. The following are the reasons on which that opinion is founded: In prosecuting the whale-fishery in the vicinity of Shannon Island, there are generally found loose fields of ice, with a considerable amount of open water, and a dark water-sky along the land to the northward; the land-water sometimes extending for at least fifty miles to the eastward; and, in seasons when south-west winds prevail, the ice opens up very fast from the land in that latitude. The ice on the east coast of Greenland is what is termed field or floe ice, the extent of which varies with the nature of the season, but it is always in motion, even in winter, as is proved by the fact that ships beset as far north as 78° have driven down during the autumn and winter as far south as Cape Farewell.

Thus there is always the means of pushing to the northward, by keeping to the land-ice and watching favourable openings."

And quite recently, in communicating the result of his experience in the present year, he writes:—"During the past season I had too many opportunities of observing the drift of the ice. In May, June, July and August its average drift was fully fourteen miles a day, in March and April it must have been driving double that rate. I calculate that nearly the whole of the ice was driven out of the Arctic Basin last summer. I went north to $79^{\circ} 45'$ in August and found the ice all broken up, whereas down in 77° the floes were lying whole in the sea, clearly showing that the ice in 80° must have been broken up by a swell from the north; beyond the pack to the north, which I could see over, there was a dark water-sky reaching north until lost in the distance without a particle of ice to be seen in it. I was convinced at the time, and so was my brother, that we could have gone up to the Pole, or at any rate far beyond where any one had ever been before. I bitterly repent that I did not sacrifice my chance of finding whale, and make the attempt, although my coals and provisions were wearing down. Although I have never advocated an attempt being made to reach the Pole by Spitzbergen, knowing well the difficulties that would have to be encountered, my ideas are now changed from what I saw last voyage. I am now convinced that a great advance towards the Pole could occasionally be made without much trouble or risk by Spitzbergen, and some of our amateur navigators will be sure to do it and pluck the honour from the Royal Navy. I do not know if the *Eclipse* will be sent to the Greenland whale-fishery next year; if I go I shall be able to satisfy myself more thoroughly as to the clearing out of the ice this year, because it will necessarily be of a much lighter character than usual."

If this important information should be considered worthy the attention of the British geographers and the Admiralty, there would, perhaps, be two steamers sent out to make success doubly certain, one to proceed up the west coast of Greenland by way of Smith Sound, the other up the east coast of Greenland.

But whatever may be decided on, I

* Letter of Capt. David Gray to Mr. Leigh Smith dated Peterhead, September 21, 1874.

From Temple Bar.

GUIZOT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU," ETC.

trust that the British government will no longer hold back from granting what all geographers and all the scientific corporations of England have been begging for these ten long years, and afford the means for a new effective expedition to crown these our modest endeavours, of which I have given an outline. We in Germany and Austria have done our duty, and I am happy to have lived to see that our humble endeavours, the work of our Arctic explorers, have gained your approbation, that of the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain. We have done all we could in the private manner we had to do it, for as a nation we Germans are only now beginning to turn our attention to nautical matters. We have had no vessels, no means, and our government has had to fight three great wars in the last ten years. But, nevertheless, we have had in this interval German, Austrian, American, Swedish, Norwegian, and Russian Polar expeditions, in which even an Italian officer took part at the instance of the Italian government. And England, formerly always taking the lead in these matters, is almost the only maritime power that has kept aloof. When nearly thirty years ago one man of science proposed that magnetical observations should be extended, it was at once answered by the government then by sending out to the Antarctic regions an expedition of two vessels, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, under that great navigator Sir James Clarke Ross, which has never yet been eclipsed as to the importance of its results and the lustre it shed on the British navy. I do not know the views held in England now, but I know that to us outsiders the achievements and work of a man like Sir James Clarke Ross or Livingstone have done more for the prestige of Great Britain than a march to Cumassi, that cost nine millions of pounds sterling. That great explorer, Livingstone, is no more, his work is going to be continued and finished by German and American explorers; we shall also certainly not let the Arctic work rest till it is fully accomplished, but it surely behooves Great Britain now to step in and once more to take the lead.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your very obedient humble servant,

AUGUSTUS PETERMANN.

Honorary Corresponding Member and Gold-Medallist
of the Royal Geographical Society.

Gotha, November 7, 1874.

ANOTHER, and one of the last links which bind the modern world of France to the *ancien régime* has snapped; a little while and all will be broken, and a bridgeless gulf will divide that past from this present. Born when Louis the Sixteenth was king, Guizot had sad cause to remember the horrors of the Reign of Terror; when the Empire was declared he was on the verge of manhood, when Waterloo was fought he was twenty-eight years of age; under the Restoration he mingled with the intimates of Rousseau and Voltaire and some of the *beaux esprits* of the Court of Louis the Fifteenth. In 1830 he again saw the Bourbon crown cast into the mire—seemingly to lie there; in 1848 he beheld the fall of the short-lived Orléans dynasty; at sixty-three he was watching the rise of the Second Empire; more than another score of years passed away and he was still watching; but during that time the Empire had disappeared, its founder's bones were mouldering in a foreign land, and France, the all-mighty, all-conquering power of his youth, lay crushed and mangled beneath the feet of the once half-despised Prussians. Thus he witnessed four revolutions, lived under three republics, four monarchs, and two emperors. The social and scientific revolutions contained within the span of his life were yet more marvellous; he was a man of mature years before a bar of iron had been laid for a railroad, and now the whole civilized world is overlaid with them; before a wire of the electric telegraph had been stretched, and now the earth is encircled, the depths of the ocean traversed, by them. The whole art of war, on sea and land, has been revolutionized, and the lethal weapons of the great armies of his youth have become as puny and inefficient as the rude arms of a tribe of savages. The contemplation of an experience so vast, concentrated within one memory, is awe-inspiring.

François Pierre Guillaume Guizot, descended from an ancient and aristocratic family of the south of France, was born at Nîmes on the 4th of October, 1787. His parents were Protestants; his father was an advocate, his mother the daughter of a Huguenot pastor. To be a Protestant in those days was to be a being without the pale of the law; marriages

celebrated by a Protestant minister were illegal, to worship God according to the rites of that faith was a crime, and had to be done in secret, in woods and desert places, and those detected in the act were hunted and shot down like vermin. Two months after Francois' birth Louis the Sixteenth annulled those cruel edicts. All Protestants very naturally threw themselves heart and soul into the first movement of the Revolution, *père* Guizot with the rest; but all good men of every faith drew back from its excesses, he again among the rest; and so the Terror guillotined him at twenty-seven years of age, on the very day that Danton was arrested. The boy was only seven years old at the time, but a grave, thoughtful child, impressionable as wax to outward influences, and the horror of that time sank deep into his memory.

Madame Guizot was a noble and devoted woman. Henceforth her life was consecrated to her son and to the memory of her dead husband. On the night before his execution he wrote her a farewell letter; the next day she enclosed it in a little case and placed it over her heart; it never left that resting-place, and there never came a time that the fountain of her tears was dried up. France, delivered up to madness, murder and atheism, was no place for this pious mother to rear her child in, and so she took him to Geneva.

And there the grave, thoughtful child, whose recreation was sought in the pages of Tacitus and Homer instead of in the games of his age, developed into a grave, sedate youth, intensely studious, very unlike a Frenchman and very like a Genevese. His aptitude in acquiring languages was particularly remarkable, and at the age of fifteen he had mastered German, Italian, and English, besides the classic tongues. In 1805 he returned to Paris for the purpose of studying jurisprudence, a ripe scholar, poor, proud, and ambitious. His necessities compelled him to accept the post of tutor to the children of M. Stapfer, the minister of the Helvetic Confederation. It was for the use of these pupils he composed his "Dictionary of Synonyms," a valuable and erudite work.

At the end of a twelvemonth he threw up this appointment in disgust; he felt that François Guizot was born to be something better than a bear leader to cubs, and in the meantime he had been introduced to M. Suard, the secretary of the Institute, who counselled him to

turn to journalism. So he became a contributor to the *Publiciste*, the *Archives Littéraires*, the *Gazette de France*, *Le Mercure*; and he wrote a tragedy, which he was too sensible to publish. Fancy a tragedy by Guizot! He did write something in the shape of a sentimental story, "*L'Amour en Mariage*," in which love becomes a philosophical theory.

It was not until 1808 that he applied himself exclusively to historical studies. Of a devout turn of mind, he took an eager interest in minutely tracing the rise of Christianity; this it was which first turned his attention to the exhaustive study of history and to the pages of the great German writers, in which that period is so profoundly treated. Yet, notwithstanding the high value in which he held their erudition, he never failed, proof of his patient and laborious intellect, to test the accuracy of their facts and deductions by the consultation of the original authorities. About the same time he undertook and accomplished the gigantic task of translating Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" into French. He was already regarded as a rising genius, and was, even at this early period of his career, received in the most exclusive salons.

"After a long life of fierce contention, I recall with pleasure the remembrance of that enchanting society," he writes in his memoirs. Talleyrand said that those who had not mingled in society previous to 1789 knew not what it was to live; and, regarded from his point of view of — what it was to live, the saying was scarcely an exaggeration. The world will never again know any approximation to the pre-revolutionary society of France; and most people will add that the world has much to be thankful for. Brilliance and wit were the least remarkable features of the salons of the eighteenth century, repose and refinement were their unique characteristics. I do not use the latter word in its ordinary acceptance, but as descriptive of a condition of unruffled smoothness, devoid of all rude and jarring elements. There never will be again such elegant, such polished, such heartless ladies and gentlemen as those of the *ancien régime*; here was a genus unknown amongst them, the race of monomaniacal reformers and of people of strong convictions was unborn. Every subject from the atomic theory to the fashion of a shoe-buckle was discussed with equal serenity; authors, politicians, churchmen, philosophers, beaux, belles,

men of the world, mingled together in perfect harmony; society resembled a masterpiece of some great *chef de cuisine*; it was an exquisite *plat*, in which all kinds of different and opposing flavours were blended into a delicious harmony. The study of each man and woman was to be agreeable to one another; no sentimental consideration entered into this desire, the ruin or death of a friend would excite scarcely more than a passing shrug; the whole duty of man was contained within one quality, politeness. The *salon* was not the mere recreation of an hour snatched grudgingly and hurriedly from portentous business; it was the affair of the day — of the life of these butterflies; they rose in the morning to prepare for it, they went to rest at night to recruit themselves from its fatigues. Over this exquisitely cultivated paradise, which reposed so gracefully upon a slumbering volcano, flowed the burning lava-stream of the Revolution. The eruption exhausted, grass and flowers sprang up in places as beautiful as ever, but all around these oases were black, ugly scoræ, rude and uncouth. Society was no longer homogeneous, but split into narrow coteries — political, literary, aristocratic — all the elements, which had once fused harmoniously into one whole, were now separate and antagonistic.

Such were Parisian *salons* when Guizot was first admitted within their portals. There were three, however, in which the spirit of the eighteenth century yet lingered — M. Suard's, the Abbé Morellet's, and Madame d'Houdetot's (of Rousseau fame). The latter was so purely old-world that it merits a special description.

Every Wednesday Madame d'Houdetot gave a dinner to a certain number, who were invited once for all times, but who came or stayed away as often as they pleased. Eight, ten, sometimes more, attended. The meal was not elaborate or *recherché*, it was only an excuse for a reunion. When it was over Madame seated herself in the chimney-corner in a great arm-chair, her head bent forward, speaking but little, and in a low soft voice, assisting, but not directing, the conversation, displaying a curious and lively interest in every subject discussed, whether it were gossip, theatres, anecdotes, politics. And around this fossil of an extinct world gathers the finest and most polished intellects of the day, enjoying an unrestrained freedom and ease not to be found elsewhere.

Although admitted within this magic

circle, François Guizot was not *en rapport* with its Voltairian spirit; a profound believer in the truths of Christianity, he was by sentiment and instinct of the revivalist school of De Staël and Chateaubriand; no one hailed the publication of "*Le Génie du Christianisme*" with greater enthusiasm than he, and a glowing eulogy upon the work from his pen appeared in the *Publiciste*. The article attracted the viscount's attention, and brought about a friendship between the author and the critic.

It was about this time that M. Guizot was introduced to Mademoiselle de Meulan, his future wife, a lady of birth, whose family had been ruined by the Revolution, and who was now reduced to earn her bread by literary work. Being of a delicate constitution, her health failed from the effects of over-labour, and her circumstances, always narrow, became painfully straitened. At this time she was scarcely known to Guizot, but upon hearing of her sad condition he sent several articles to the *Publiciste*, to which she contributed, signed with her name, and for which payment was forwarded her. Some little time afterwards she discovered the author of this generous and delicate act of kindness; from that time a close friendship sprang up between them, and in 1809, although she was fourteen years his senior, he made her his wife. M. Guizot's more cynical biographers pretend that this was not altogether the result of disinterested affection. Mademoiselle was in the confidence of the royalists' plots, and was a friend of Montesquieu, Louis the Eighteenth's secret agent. Guizot, who was also a royalist, and who, like many others, probably foresaw the return of the Bourbons, is said to have anticipated from this union some political advancement. Be this as it may, at the Restoration he became under-secretary of state to Montesquieu. But the lady had sufficient intellectual qualifications to render such a match desirable; she was a blue-stockings, and admirably fitted to be the helpmate of a professor and historian.* The amount of literary work he accomplished at this period is astonishing. "*La Vie des Poètes Français du Siècle de Louis Quatorze*," "*Les Annales de l'Éducation*," "*L'Etat*

* The union seemed to have been a happy one. Madame Guizot died in 1828, and soon afterwards, in accordance with her dying wish, he espoused a young English girl, her near relation, named Eliza Dillon, to whom he appears to have been deeply attached. In 1833 he was a second time left a widower.

des Beaux Arts en France," followed one another in rapid succession. These works attracted the attention of M. de Fontanes, the grand master of the university, who appointed him *suppléant* for the chair of history then held by Lacroix; and who shortly afterwards divided the professorship into two divisions, ancient and modern, bestowing upon him the latter. It was expected by the ruling powers that a professor's introductory lecture should contain a panegyric upon Napoleon, but Guizot, who, like all intellectual men, detested the Corsican despot, would not lend himself to this base flattery, and omitted all mention of the emperor's name, a circumstance quite sufficient to bar his further advancement.

His friends, however, did not relax their efforts to push his fortunes. Baron Pasquier endeavoured to procure him the appointment of *auditeur* to the Council of State, and recommended him to the notice of the Duc de Bassano, who ordered him to draw up a *mémoire* upon the exchange of English and French prisoners. Uninitiated as yet into the mysteries of statecraft, the young man executed the commission literally, and set forth how the object could be best accomplished. This was exactly what Napoleon, who desired to throw dust in the eyes of the people, and cast the *onus* of continuing the war upon England, did not desire. And so Guizot heard no more of his *mémoire*, and continued in literary seclusion until the Restoration, when, as it has been before stated, he became under-secretary of state.

On the return from Elba he again passed into retirement, until the end of May, when he took the celebrated journey to Ghent, a reminiscence of which clung to him ever afterwards in the nickname of *L'homme de Gand*. All kinds of abuse and accusations were levelled against him on account of this visit to exiled royalty, but he vouchsafed no reply to his calumniators. Not until twenty-five years afterwards, when he was the minister of Louis Philippe, did he, in a speech to the Chamber, deign to explain the motives which dictated that journey. The explanation was doubtless the true one, and will be best given in his own words.

When I returned to the Sorbonne to my obscure literary life, I returned to the condition of a simple citizen, submitted myself to the laws, and linked my fate to that of my country. At the end of the month of May, when it was evident to all men of sense there

could not be any peace for France with Europe, when it was evident the house of Bourbon must re-enter France, I went to Ghent; not in my personal interest, but to carry to King Louis some useful truths to make him understand the thoughts of the constitutional party in the thoughts of France, that his government had committed faults, in 1814, which must not be repeated; to make him understand that if he should be reelected upon the throne of France, there were liberties, not only those which the Charter had consecrated, but new liberties which ought to be accorded to the country; that in regard to the new interests of new France he must pursue another mode of conduct, a mode of conduct which should inspire more confidence, which should dissipate the distrust and passions that the first Restoration had raised up. And, to be more precise, I went to tell King Louis the Eighteenth that he had ministers about him that he would be wrong to desire to keep, whom he should remove from about his person and from all interest in his affairs. It was in the name of the Charter, it was in the interests of the Charter, it was to bind, to affirm and develop the Charter in the probable return of Louis the Eighteenth to France that I went to Ghent.

At the second restoration he was appointed secretary-general to the minister of justice, and became with Camille Jordan, Royer Collard, and the Duc de Broglie, one of the leading spirits of that remarkable party called the *Doctrinaires*.

The *Doctrinaires* [he tells us] while frankly adopting the new state of French society, undertook to establish a government on rational principles, but were totally opposed to the theories in the name of which the old system had been overthrown, or of the incoherent principles which some endeavoured to conjure up for its reconstruction. Alternately called upon to combat and defend the Revolution, they boldly assumed from the outset an intellectual position, opposing idea to idea and principle to principle; appealing at the same time to reason and experience, affirming rights instead of maintaining interests, and requiring France to confess she had not committed evil alone or to declare her impotence for good, but to emerge from the chaos into which she had plunged herself, and to raise her head once more towards light. . . . It was to this mixture of philosophical sentiment and political moderation, to this rational respect for opposing rights and facts, to these principles equally new and conservative, anti-revolutionary without being retrograde, and modest in fact although sometimes haughty in expression, that the *Doctrinaires* owed their name and importance.

This passage contains a full confession of its writer's political theories.

As soon as the absolutist party re-

gained the ascendancy, he retired from the ministry with Barbé Marbois—and the title of *Maitre des Requêtes*. But for that clause in the charter which prohibited any man under the age of forty being elected to the Chamber of Deputies, he would doubtless have sought the suffrages of the people. After awhile, however, when the king returned to more constitutional ideas, he resumed his position as councillor of state, and gave an earnest support to several liberal measures bearing upon the laws affecting the freedom of the press. In the midst of these more hopeful prospects came the assassination of the Duc de Berri and the consequent reaction, upon which Guizot passed over to the ranks of the opposition, where he remained until the Revolution.

Laying aside politics for a time, he devoted himself entirely to literature and the duties of his professorship. In 1820 he took for the subject of his lectures upon modern history "The Origin of Representative Government in Europe." The success of these discourses was wonderful. All Paris flocked to hear them. The largest hall of the Sorbonne was too small to accommodate the thousands which pressed for admittance; people in the neighbourhood made handsome sums by selling the seats beforehand, as they would the stalls of a theatre. In these lectures he drew a parallel between the working of the free constitution of England, of which he was always an ardent admirer, and of the absolutism of France and Spain. This gave offence to the government, who issued an order that the course should be suspended. And it was not until 1828, under Martignac's administration, that he, together with Villemain and Cousin, was permitted to resume. In the meantime the literary work still went on as hard as ever. He edited and translated the works of Shakespeare, and began the composition of his great work upon the history of the English Revolution, which ultimately expanded into twenty-six volumes. The two first were issued in 1827. At the same time his indefatigable pen was busied upon the history of France, and in 1828 he started the *Revue Française*, a literary journal after the style of the English reviews, to which he contributed largely. But even this does not close the records of his stupendous labours at this period. The results of the resumption of his historical lectures were the "*Histoire Générale de la Civilisation en*

Europe" and the "*Histoire de la Civilisation en France*," which were immediately translated into almost every language of Europe.

Although retired from private life, he continued to take an active part in the movements of liberalism, and was associated with the noted society bearing the strange title of "*Aide-toi le ciel t'aidera*" (Providence helps those who help themselves), the object of which was to defend the liberty of elections. In 1830, being now forty-three years of age, he entered the Chamber of Deputies as representative of Lisieux. He took his seat just about the time of Polignac's accession to the ministry. The temper in which the representatives of the people met the government is well known to every reader of French history. The address to the crown was stern and aggressive; M. de Lorgèril moved that it should be couched in milder terms. Guizot opposed the motion. "Let us take care," he said, "how we weaken the force of our words, let us take care how we enervate our expressions. Truth has already difficulty enough to penetrate into the palaces of kings; send it not thither pale and timid." The refractory Chamber was speedily dissolved, and a new one summoned; Guizot was re-elected for Lisieux. The Revolution quickly followed. He was away when the insurrection commenced, but returned to Paris as soon as the news reached him, and was one of those who composed the proclamation which called upon the Duc d'Orléans to assume the lieutenant-generalship of the kingdom. On the 13th of July he was appointed minister of public instruction, and upon the accession of Louis Philippe to the throne, minister of the interior. He at once ranged himself with the Constitutional, or Orleanist party, or the *juste milieu*, as it was called, of which he, Casimir Périer, Comte Molé, and the Duc de Broglie were the leaders.

The elements of disorder, however, were not yet calmed down. Thousands of workmen, excited by the republican leaders, daily paraded the streets of Paris in the hope of recommencing the Revolution and destroying constituted authority. But the danger was averted by the suppression of the seditious clubs, a measure to which the minister of the interior gave his earnest support; while he strongly opposed the abolition of the hereditary peerage, which he justly regarded as the strongest bulwark of the

throne; but upon the latter question, he was supported by only eighty-six votes.

To trace his parliamentary career through the endless squabbles, vicissitudes, and changes of government which marked the reign of Louis Philippe, would prove tedious and uninteresting in an article of this kind. A glance at its more prominent features will suffice. In 1833 he introduced a measure to make education compulsory and gratuitous in all the thirty-nine thousand communes of France. This was the first important attempt to diffuse instruction among the masses. A measure more beneficial to the people could not have been proposed; yet their supposed guardians, the democratic opposition, violently opposed it, and, although they could not prevent it passing into law, crippled its efficiency by cutting down the ratio of the teacher's salaries to so small a sum that the unfortunate masters, in the rural districts, were compelled to eke out a subsistence by working in the fields as common labourers.

Louis Napoleon's attempt at Strasburg, in 1836, brought about important and disastrous results in the Chamber. The king, with his usual clemency, had suffered the arch-offender to escape, but his abettors had to take their trial. The jury, indignant at this course, acquitted all. Upon which a bill was introduced by the government for the separate trial of soldiers and civilians. The measure was defeated, and Guizot resigned. The task of forming a ministry devolved upon Molé; Guizot was excluded from the new cabinet. Power, place had become a necessity to his ambitious nature. Stung to the quick by the omission, he joined with Thiers, Berger, and Odillon Barrot to defeat the new government. It was this coalition which broke up the conservative party, and gave a blow to the power of Louis Philippe from which it never recovered.

In 1840, he was appointed ambassador to London, in which capacity his coolness and temper did much to avert a threatened war between the two countries. M. Guizot was as just and incorruptible as Aristides; but he loved wealth and the amassing of money, which he sometimes effected by economies contemptible in so great a personage. Biographers who love to show the seamy side of his character assert that he was in the habit of walking through the London mud with an umbrella over his head on the most

inclement of days to save the expense of an equipage.

In 1841, he was elected president of the Council and minister of foreign affairs. Each year the position of the government became more critical, the strife of factions fiercer; deputies Casimier Périer, Hermann, and Martin du Nord, were literally killed by harassing fatigue. No incident was too trivial or too contemptible for party clamour.

When the Duc de Bordeaux visited London in 1843, several members of the French Parliament hastened to England to join with the Legitimists in offering homage to him. In January, 1844, it was moved in the Chamber that a vote of censure should be passed upon those deputies who had committed this act. A violent debate ensued. The opposition made a furious attack upon Guizot, there was not an insult, an invective, an accusation, a vile epithet they spared him. At last he rose, and, with the fury of a baited lion, turned upon his assailants, hurling upon them scorn and defiance. "You may, perhaps, exhaust my physical strength," he cried, "but you will never quell my courage. You will never rise above my disdain!" But the next day his mother graphically described to a friend the utter prostration which followed this terrible conflict.

Yesterday evening [she said] when I found he did not come back from the Chamber at the usual hour I apprehended misfortune. When he did return he was so fatigued he could not speak, and went to bed desiring to be awakened as soon as the proofs of the *Moniteur* came, that he might correct them. Knowing but imperfectly what had happened I was in great alarm, and while he slept I remained with the children round the bed mentally imploring the Almighty for the happiness of France and the safety of my son. Catching a sight of his pale and motionless face I had a terrible vision. I fancied I had before my eyes the head of my poor husband.

We now come to the period of the Spanish marriages, that vile scheme which casts so indelible a stain upon all concerned in it. From the time that Louis the Fourteenth placed a Bourbon upon the throne of Spain, the policy of France had ever been directed towards establishing a supremacy in the councils of the Peninsula. So grand an opportunity as the accession of a young girl to the crown was certain not to be neglected by King Mephistopheles, and before she had attained a marriageable age,

he and his too obsequious friend and minister, M. Guizot, were plotting to secure her hand for one of "the family." England, jealous of French influence, so largely increased by the recent conquest of five hundred miles of the opposite coast of Africa and the creation of a naval station at Algiers, was equally bent upon defeating the Orleanist policy. There were two husbands to be provided, one for the queen, one for the Infanta. Now if he could secure the former for the Duc de Montpensier, or, failing that, marry him to the Infanta, and force Isabella into a union from which it was highly improbable that any issue would spring, thus passing the crown to the children of Montpensier, the throne of France being, as he fondly imagined, secured for the Comte de Paris, the Orleanists—I do not say France, as no thought of country entered the heart or brain of this miserable bourgeois king, who had no sympathies beyond his all-engrossing family instincts—would be omnipotent in the south of Europe. A more infamous plot was never conceived, and yet there are people who can defend Louis Philippe, who are shocked to see the mask stripped from his false face, and his true character, as it appears in his deeds, laid bare to the world.

Don Henry de Bourbon and Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg were the bridegrooms proposed by Lord Palmerston; the first, as his name indicates, was of the royal family of France, the second was the cousin of our own Prince Albert. Finding that to openly pursue his scheme of family aggrandizement would seriously embroil him with England, Mephistophiles, as usual, resorted to dissimulation. He and his minister inveigled Queen Victoria into a personal conference at Eu, in which he gave her the most solemn assurances that he had given up all idea of allying his son to either of the royal ladies, and that, *even should Christina make overtures to him upon the subject, he had determined to decline them.* Palmerston believed these declarations to be sincere. On the 2nd of September, 1846, he was awakened from this fool's paradise by the following letter from the French ambassador, Comte De Jarnac:—

MY DEAR LORD PALMERSTON,—I learn that on the 28th of August the Queen of Spain decreed her marriage with the Duc de Cadiz, and that she has consented to the marriage of the Infanta, her sister, with the Duc de Montpensier. I have no other details yet, as you will easily believe from the dates; but

I hasten to transmit to you, just as I receive it, this important news, not quite knowing whether it will otherwise reach you.

Milles compliments empressés,
JARNAC.

It is well known that Isabella hated the bridegroom, less than man, who had been selected for her, and had conceived a liking for Prince Leopold, and the agents of France must have worked with their whole heart and brain to have obtained her consent. It was said to have been wrung from her while under the influence of wine in one of those night revels in which she and the queen-dowager too frequently indulged.

Palmerston's mortification and indignation may be conceived. But of what use now were remonstrances and protests? Guizot was equally elated at having thus overreached England, and spoke of the base business rapturously as that "*grande affaire*," that "*grosse affaire*!"

But the measure of Louis Philippe's hypocrisy was not yet full; something of the depths of its shamelessness—for who could reveal all?—is shown in the following letter which he induced Marie Amélie to write to Queen Victoria.

MADAME,—Confiding in that precious friendship of which your Majesty has given so many proofs, and in the amiable interest you have always testified in our children, I hasten to announce the conclusion of the marriage of our son Montpensier with the Infanta Louise-Fernande. That event overwhelms us with joy because we hope that it will assure the happiness of our cherished son, and that we shall find in the Infanta a daughter as good and as amiable as her sisters, and who will add to our home happiness, the only true one in this world, and which you, madame, know so well how to appreciate. I ask in advance your friendship for our new child, assured that she will partake of all those sentiments of elevation and affection which we all entertain for Prince Albert and your dear family. The king charges me to offer to you his tender and respectful homage. He hopes you have received his letters, and that the peaches have arrived in good condition. All my children charge me to offer you their homage; embrace for me your dear children, and receive the expression of the tender and unalterable friendship with which

I am, madame,
Your Majesty's ever devoted sister and friend,
MARIE AMÉLIE.

The unblushing impudence of this epistle, after what had passed at Eu, is unique; the naïve reference to the two dozen peaches, sent as a present, is the climax of humbug.

The answer of Queen Victoria, which Palmerston describes in one of his despatches as "a tickler," is worth transcribing:

Osborne, September 10, 1846.

MADAME, — I have just received your Majesty's letter of the 8th of this month, and I hasten to thank you for it. You will probably remember what passed at Eu between the king and myself. You know the importance I have always attached to the maintenance of our cordial understanding, and the zeal with which I have worked for it. You have doubtless learned that we refused to arrange the marriage between the queen of Spain and our cousin Leopold (which both queens greatly desired), as we did not wish to withdraw from an arrangement which would be more agreeable to your king, although we did not consider that course to be the better. You will therefore easily understand that the sudden announcement of this *double marriage* could but occasion us surprise and much regret. I must ask your pardon for speaking of politics at this time, but I love to be able to say that I have always been sincere towards you. In praying you to present my homage to the king,

I am, madame,

Your Majesty's ever devoted friend and sister,
VICTORIA R.*

Nemesis, however, was close upon the heels of king and minister. France had long been echoing with cries for reform, for an extension of the suffrage. But neither king nor minister foresaw the end; neither, confiding in their citizen soldiers, dreamed of the possibility of a successful rebellion. Even while the former was chuckling over the suppression of the banquets and the consequent, as he imagined, dissipation of the danger, there entered a messenger to tell him that bands of armed men were gathering in the streets. As the *émeute* assumed more formidable proportions, a cowardly terror seized upon the royal family. The queen implored, almost commanded, Guizot to resign; her husband was weak enough to permit this; and the minister was too proud to expostulate. Now that the king was face to face with the peril he had evoked, he had not the courage to do and dare, but fell into irresolution and imbecility at the very time when immovable firmness was most needed. Had the situation been left to Guizot he might have saved his master's throne. His cool courage and inflexible will would have resorted to no half measures, to no

concessions. He had appointed Marshal Bugeaud to the military command of Paris, and Lamartine admits that this soldier, the conqueror of Algeria, a man of powerful mind, and one who possessed the confidence of the troops, at the head of the army of Paris, would have rendered the victory of the people either impossible or bloody; but Guizot was dismissed, and M. Thiers, at the very moment the marshal had mounted his horse to give battle to the insurgents, and there is little doubt but that he would have crushed them, deprived him of his command.

And so miserable old Mephistopheles trembled and vacillated between this minister and that, until King Mob decided the matter by driving him out of his palace and his ill-gotten kingdom. Guizot left the Tuileries before his master; as he was issuing from a private gate, some people recognized him, and fired upon him. He was compelled to retrace his steps and take shelter in a part of the Louvre occupied by some staff-officers. Through the open windows he could descry the occupation of the Carrousel by the populace, the defection of the National Guards, the passiveness of the troops, the ineffectual efforts of the generals, the flight of the whole royal family on foot. He was afterwards sheltered by the Duc de Broglie, but endured the most painful uneasiness on account of the safety of his mother and children, who were hiding in another part of Paris in a house to which there was no way of gaining access, situated as it was in the very heart of the insurrection.

In a few days he succeeded in making his escape into Belgium, disguised as a livery servant. The unseasonable punctilios of his supposed master, who would not allow him to carry the luggage, once or twice laid him open to suspicion. He succeeded in reaching England, however, where a few days afterwards he was joined by his children and his mother. But the terrors and the fatigue she had undergone proved fatal to that noble woman; she expired fifteen days afterwards, as much the victim of the third revolution as her husband had been of the first.

He resided for a twelvemonth in a house in Pelham Crescent, Brompton, which was afterwards, by a strange irony of fortune, inhabited by Ledru Rollin during his exile. The Republic commenced a prosecution against him in his absence; but it came to nothing. Early

* These letters are extracted from Baron Stockmar's "Memoirs," vol. ii. pp. 181-3.

in 1849 he published a kind of circular entitled "*Guizot à ses Amis*," in which he proffered his services to the electors of France; but they did not avail themselves of the offer. His reception in England, except among those who were sufficiently generous to sink the statesman in the man of letters, was not cordial. His bad faith and duplicity in the affair of the Spanish marriages were as yet too fresh in men's minds.

In November, 1849, he returned to Paris, where he put himself in communication with the heads of the monarchical party. He paid two more visits to England; one in 1850, to his old master, and a second after the *coup d'état* of 1851. Many years of life were yet reserved to him, but his public career was finished. One by one he heard of the passing away of rivals, friends, and foes, and yet he continued in the tranquil enjoyment of a green old age, passed in the pleasant shades of Val Richer and the delights of literary pursuits. The results of this long retirement have been given to the world in "*La Révolution d'Angleterre*" and "*Monk*," in "*Méditations et Etudes Morales sur la Religion et la Philosophie*," "*Corneille et son Temps*," "*Shakespeare et son Temps*," &c. But the most important production of his latter days was the "*Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps*," in which he traces his political career and that of France from his entry into public life to the revolution of 1848. The work is a calm and dispassionate account of events as they happened; he enters into no elaborate defence of himself, although he endeavours to put Louis Philippe, for whom he entertained much warmer feelings than those of mere political attachment, in a favourable light; neither does he ever go beneath the surface of things, or favour us with a view of the springs which set the puppets moving. Unlike Chateaubriand or Lamartine, he gives us no confidences, tells us nothing of himself beyond what the world knew before. That cold reticent nature was opposed to all self-revelation.

A paragraph from the *Times* of the 9th of October gives us a pleasant patriarchal picture of his last years.

His unfinished work "*The History of France, related to my Grandchildren*," was not a mere designation, but expressed the actual fact. For several years he was wont to collect his grandchildren at five o'clock every day in his library, where he gave them a simple sketch of their country's history. His

aim was to awaken their intelligence rather than to load their memories. Especially when he went back to the formation of the nation and to the legendary times, he endeavoured not so much to teach them all the facts as to give them an accurate idea of each reign and epoch. In quoting the old chroniclers he translated and commented on them in the style which made him so admirable a storyteller, and while his grandchildren listened his daughters followed him in shorthand.

He died at Val Richer, in Normandy, on the 12th of September, 1874, at the age of eighty-seven, of sheer vital decay.

As an orator he stood in the very foremost rank. In literature his achievements were immense, both in extent and value. As an historian he was patient and laborious in research, accurate and impartial in facts. But unfortunately his hard, dry, unsympathetic style, so devoid of brilliancy or ornament, narrows the circle of his readers. A Frenchman has very happily said that in his writings "he is always the professor:" he is always lecturing. But for this defect he would have been one of the greatest historians of the modern world. As it is, he has done a vast deal to extend the taste for historical studies in France, and his voluminous writings must ever remain amongst the most valuable literary possessions of his country.

His merits and demerits as a politician cannot be summed up so easily nor dismissed so briefly. He was not a great statesman. He possessed great talents, but no genius. He could calculate probabilities—sometimes, as in '48, his calculations were fatally erroneous—and prepare to meet them; but an unexpected situation checkmated him; he could not rise to it, master it, turn it dexterously to his advantage. His intellect was reflective, but almost devoid of spontaneity. The memory of that awful day when his father fell a victim to revolutionary cruelty, the memory of his mother's anguish—impressions which her perpetual mourning never permitted to fade—haunted him through life, until the dread of anarchy became the keynote of his whole political career. We find the one thought perpetually cropping up in his writings. In one place he says, "Democracy is the spirit in which each of the different classes and the great political parties into which our society is divided cherishes the hope of annihilating the others and of reigning alone." Speaking of Napoleon, he says: "He was endowed with a genius incomparably

active and powerful, and much to be admired for his antipathy to disorder." One of his latest publications was a defence of the temporal power of the Church of Rome: and yet, as that remarkable "confession of faith," recently published in the newspapers fully proves,* he was by conviction a staunch Protestant; but he regarded Catholicism as the champion of order; and even religious dogma, which in most minds overrules all, was with him impotent against that consideration.

He was theoretical rather than practical. He was a man of systems: he would fain have reduced politics to a science as exact as mathematics. He narrowed all certainties and probabilities within a fixed boundary, leaving no margin for possibilities. Narrowness was the crushing fault of his politics. Never, perhaps, was minister more unpopular, more distasteful, more antipathetic to the French character. His manner was Puritanical, impassive, and arrogant. "Every one," says Lord Palmerston, "who did not rebel against him became the slave of his imperious nature." In the Chamber he was overbearing to insolence; † as a diplomatist he was at one time too obsequious to foreign nations, as in granting to England the right of search; at another imprudent and vexatious, as in risking a war with that country over the Spanish marriages, solely for the aggrandizement of the Orléans family. And yet it is difficult, from an English point of view, to conceive the hatred he inspired. He was thoroughly consistent throughout his career. *He never changed, but public opinion advanced and he did not*; hence the accusation of inconsistency. From first to last he was the advocate and supporter of constitutional government after the model of the English, and to found such a government in France was the purpose and the failure of his life. We find him defending the principles of the Charter in the teeth of Louis the Eighteenth; we find him resigning office when that king resorted to arbitrary rule; we find him amongst the boldest and foremost opponents of Poli-

gnac and Charles the Tenth; we find him reforming laws which affected the liberty of the press, and establishing a grand scheme for national education; as the minister of a solidly-founded constitutional government like our own, such acts would have been duly appreciated; but for Frenchmen he moved too slowly, too cautiously. He doubted their capacity for rational freedom, and while frantically abusing him, they did their best to prove he was right. His rule was an iron one, but he lived in an age of peculiar ferment, of wild theories, and subversive socialism, that threatened the very existence of society; the spectres of anarchy and the guillotine were always looming in the distance; but while inspiring hate he had not the genius to inspire fear, and hate without fear is dangerous.

Let us hear what he himself says of his conduct during the agitation for reform.

We had not in principle any absolute and permanent objection to such reforms. The extension of the right of suffrage and the incompatibility of certain functions with the mission of deputy could and ought to be natural and legitimate in consequence of the upward movement of society and the increased exercise of political liberty. But at that moment these innovations were not in our opinion either necessary or well-timed. Not necessary, because for thirty years past events had proved that by the institutions and the actual laws, liberty and strength had not been wanting to the interference of the country in its affairs. Not well-timed, because it was likely to carry new trials and new difficulties into that which was in our eyes the most real and the most urgent interests of the country, namely, the adaptation and the consolidation of free government, as yet so new amongst us. These were at the same time the cause and the limits of our resistance to the immediate innovations which were demanded of us.

There is much solid reason in this defence. The agitators did not want reform but revolution. The country was weary of the Orleanist rule, its pride was humbled by the peace-at-any-price policy of its government, and had political power been extended it would probably have hastened the fall of the monarchy rather than have saved it. On the other hand, the basis of the narrow representative system was purely *bourgeois*; all political influence was centred in the middle class, to the partial exclusion of the upper and the total exclusion of the masses. How utterly selfish, contemptible, unpatriotic, and unworthy of confi-

* "I die in the bosom of the Reformed Christian Church of France, in which I was born, and in which I congratulate myself upon being born."—Guizot's "Confession of Faith." See *Times* Newspaper, October 9.

† A lady hearing him speak in the tribune during the agitations of 1847 was so excited by his arrogance, that she exclaimed "Were she one of the deputies she would fall in with the opposition, were it only to vindicate free speech." This spontaneous utterance well illustrates the peculiar hostility he excited.

dence the *bourgeois* of France are has been patent to Europe at any time during these thirty years. They have no sympathies beyond their shop and their families, their poltroonery forces them to be overawed by any handful of ruffians who chooses to raise an *émeute*. They were among the first to turn against the man who had pampered them, their own citizen king. The extension of the suffrage in the direction of the peasant farmers, a class monarchical by instinct, might have strengthened the government. But this could scarcely have been accomplished without admitting a corresponding element, and a dangerous one, from the towns. A movement, headed by such men as Louis Blanc and Ledru Rollin, might well excite the distrust of such a minister as Guizot. A man of higher genius might have solved the difficult problem by some bold and daring expedient; but it is difficult to suggest how one of his calibre, and with his dread of democracy, could have acted differently to what he did. In his opposition to the reform banquets he did no more than his duty, than any other minister would have done under similar circumstances; therefore, to hold him responsible for a revolution which the agitators had long since determined upon in the face of every concession, is highly illogical.

The great blots upon his political career are: joining the factious opposition against Molé, and the Spanish marriages; which proved that selfish ambition and party spleen could overrule in his mind the interests of his country, that he was deficient in true nobility of character and a nice sense of honour, and could descend, if occasion required, into the lowest mire of political degradation at the bidding of his royal master. Marie Amélie is reported to have said of him: "He is a crab with inflexible claws, who fastens upon the rock of power. He will be torn away only with the rock itself."

His egotism was enormous: like Robespierre, he loved to contemplate and worship his own image. One biographer asserts that he had thirty portraits of himself in his bedroom, twenty in his *salon*, fifteen in his antechamber, and ten in his kitchen!

His private life, without being immaculate, will bear a far stricter scrutiny than that of most of his contemporaries. He appears to have been a kind and affectionate husband to both his wives, and the death of the second was felt with a keenness of affliction of which few would

have imagined the cold austere statesman capable. Of his inward life he has left us a simple and beautiful confession in the opening of his will. He tells us that he has inquired, that he has doubted; that he has believed the human mind to be strong enough to solve the problems presented by the universe and man, and that the human will had sufficient power to rule the life of man according to its law and its moral purpose; but that the calm reflection of his old age has brought him back to the simple faith of childhood; that he felt himself only a child under the hand of God; that he believed in God, adored him, without seeking to comprehend him, and that he bowed himself before the mysteries of the Bible and the gospel.

From The Spectator.

MR. GLADSTONE'S "EXPOSTULATION."

MR. GLADSTONE'S genius is great, but it is a little injured by a quality which rarely belongs to men of genius, and seldom strengthens, though it sometimes serves them,—ingenuity. The "political expostulation" which he has just published contains one or two very fine sayings; much that it was very natural and right, and not a little which it was in the highest degree desirable for him to say; but the effect of these declarations is to some extent diminished by the too great ingenuity of the reasons which he assigns for his expostulation, by the extreme quaintness of the practical object which he proposes to himself in publishing it, by the untenable character of the historical view, on which he seems to take his stand as justifying Parliament's liberal treatment of Roman Catholics, and by the superfluous acrimony of certain expressions, pardonable had they been used in debate, but hardly defensible in a great statesman's carefully written and corrected work, applied by him to a Church which may cease to be altogether, but while it exists, can hardly be otherwise than it is in relation to the characteristics which excite his indignation.

It was perfectly right and even wise for Mr. Gladstone to set forth clearly those immense pretensions of the Roman Church which the decrees of the Vatican Council have consolidated and either imposed, or rendered it at any time possible for the Church to impose, as rules

obligatory on the consciences of all her loyal subjects. It was perfectly right and even wise for him to point out how alien such pretensions are to the spirit of any faith which finds its central point in the individual conscience. It was more than right and wise, it was drawing a fresh tie between him and the great majority of his countrymen and his political followers, to give us the fine sentences in which he declares the "stifling of conscience and conviction" to be a kind of "moral murder," and protests against the notion that a limitation of the defining infallibility of Rome to the sphere of "faith and morals," can be regarded, in fact, as any limitation at all. The intellectual stronghold of Protestantism has rarely been described in finer words than those in which Mr. Gladstone tells us that he cares not "to ask if there be dregs and tatters of human life such as can escape from the description and boundary of 'morals.' I submit that duty is a power which rises with us in the morning and goes to rest with us at night. It is co-extensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow which cleaves to us, go where we will, and which only leaves us when we leave the light of life" [and, we should think, by the way, not even then]. Again, Mr. Gladstone is within his province, and is discharging his duty as a statesman, when he explains his reason for believing that, under certain not very impossible, perhaps even not improbable, contingencies, Rome might deem it wise to make a supreme effort to restore the temporal power, and that such an effort might involve a use of the most dangerous and objectionable of all her claims, — the abstract right she maintains to alienate the civil allegiance of Catholics from States hostile to that hopeless enterprise. In all this we go heartily with Mr. Gladstone, and regard what he says as both a sound and seasonable justification of his assertion that it is a dream to fear the success of either Ritualists or Jesuits in re-converting England to the Roman faith. But when he appears to intimate that the concession of Catholic privileges by Parliament was really justified by the partly politic and partly accidental moderation of the Church of Rome at the time they were conceded, and that modern statesmen can fitly reproach Rome for assuming another tone, — one much more in keeping, by the way, with her whole history; when, again, he appears to indulge a serious belief that

Roman Catholics, bound as they are by an Ecumenical Council of the Church, will disavow that Council for the purpose of vindicating the assurances of Dr. Doyle and his colleagues in 1825; — and lastly, when he makes use of words quite needless to his purpose, and certain to rankle in the hearts of the Roman Catholics, like that, for instance, concerning "the degradation of the episcopal order" of the Latin Church, or that which accuses the Catholics of discharging their spiritual responsibilities by "power of attorney," or, again, that which compares the influence won by Rome's large claims, to the popularity gained by the immense promises of advertising tradesmen, — we think Mr. Gladstone, for the moment, puts off the exalted impartiality of the statesman, and accepts the position of a counsel for the plaintiff arguing for a verdict before a jury whom it is desirable to *excite*, in order to convince. And we cannot but regret that a moral and intellectual position so noble and so proof against assault as Mr. Gladstone's should be weakened by these mistakes.

To our minds, the Vatican Council simply assumed on behalf of the pope, while it consolidated and publicly imposed on all believers, an authority which had been virtually supreme in the Church of Rome for centuries previous to its formal enunciation. It did not so much alter, as formally publish the common belief as to the centre of power in that Church. If English statesmen only conceded the Catholic claims on the strength of statements made, and no doubt honestly made, by a few bishops and Vicars Apostolic at an epoch of low vitality in all Churches, they were not up to their work, and deserved the disappointment which Mr. Gladstone appears to feel. The true reasons for conceding these claims were quite independent of such temporary accidents, being such as these, — that penalties placed on the sincere confession of a creed however dangerous, are sure to make that creed more dangerous; that the civil power has a position of far greater moral advantage if it waits for a practical infraction of its proper authority before attempting to punish, than if it makes the profession of opinion penal; that men hardly know what they really believe and what they don't till they come to test it by action; and finally, that it is impossible to govern either Protestants or Roman Catholics strongly and equitably, while the former possess

vast privileges which are denied to the latter. These were the true reasons which rendered Catholic emancipation an imperative duty, and would equally have rendered it an imperative duty, if Dr. Doyle and his colleagues had proclaimed with all their might the principles which Archbishop Manning and Cardinal Cullen proclaim now. Very likely, if they had done so, that great measure would have been indefinitely postponed. But its postponement would have been a great calamity for Protestants and Catholics alike: And for a statesman who appears, like Mr. Gladstone, to hold this, to go back upon Dr. Doyle's assurances in a spirit of almost querulous disappointment, seems to us, we confess, trivial. Is it only the Roman Church which has lately been driven back on its central idea? Have not all Churches shown the same tendency? And is it manly to deplore a change of attitude in Rome which has been accompanied by a corresponding change of attitude in almost every Church in Christendom? Rather is not such a change of attitude good evidence that Rome, like other Churches, obeys a spirit of the age, and is not *semper eadem*; that she relaxes her claim to authority in one generation, and reasserts it in another; that she loses her proud consciousness of infallibility when other Churches lose their contentiousness, and regains it only in the heat of controversy? In any case, considering the position taken by Mr. Gladstone at the close of his pamphlet, it is hardly on the admissions of Dr. Doyle and the Irish bishops of 1825, that he ought to found so grave and solemn an "expostulation." Again, it seems to us the most wild and visionary of hopes which Mr. Gladstone gravely expresses, when he describes it as his object to elicit from the Roman Catholics of the empire either a repudiation of the Vatican decrees, or a declaration that, if ever called upon to renounce their civil allegiance, they would disobey the call. As to the first demand, they could only concede it by disavowing their Church. As to the second, they would probably declare it a mere insult on their chief pastor to anticipate in that way a summons which many of them would think it impossible for him to issue, and which the remainder would think it their duty, if in any great ecclesiastical exigency he did issue it, to obey. In dealing with claims like the Roman Catholic, the statesman's only true plan is first to ward off every

unnecessary occasion of collision between the Church and the State by strict justice; and then, if, in spite of this, the collision comes, to deal with the emergency promptly and peremptorily when it arises. That a great many Roman Catholics, if called upon by their Church to defy the laws of the British State for a grand ecclesiastical end, would really disobey the call, we heartily believe; but to disobey in an emergency in which the conscience of the citizen is thoroughly roused, is one thing, while to promise beforehand to disobey, when no such call is anticipated or considered possible, is quite another. We have no doubt at all that the pope maintains the abstract right even to depose Queen Victoria, for what he deems sufficient reason, though he is very unlikely to use it. We have no doubt, too, that a few desperate Ultramontanes would regard such an exercise of power, if it ever occurred, as really controlling their consciences, while many would be utterly shocked by it, and driven rather to defy the authority of the Church and the pope; but we see no reasonable pretext at all for discounting now the sensational measures appropriate to so tremendous an emergency, holding with Lord Derby (is it not?) that in all such improbable cases, cure is much better than prevention, and infinitely better than that helpless attempt at prevention which alone we could really make. Finally, most of all we hold that if Mr. Gladstone did really entertain some feeble hope of persuading the Roman Catholics of this empire to disavow either the Vatican Council or some of its possible consequences, he was making a very serious mistake in girding at their episcopate as "degraded" and their pontiff as pursuing the policy of a vulgar advertiser. You do not sting for the purpose of persuasion; the only moral effect of a sting is to inspire anger or fear.

Above all, we regret the influence which this pamphlet must exercise in Prussia, where it has already been received, — quite erroneously no doubt, — as a vindication by Mr. Gladstone of the policy of the Falck laws. Indeed the *Standard* of Monday, by including, of course inadvertently, a corollary of its own from Mr. Gladstone's statements, within the inverted commas which marked the quotation, made him explicitly approve those laws, and the blunder only shows how little guarded his "expostulation" really is. That his own policy has been one

long and noble protest against such foolish and pernicious laws, and that he holds to that policy in this very pamphlet as firmly as ever, will do nothing to convince the Germans that had he been a German, he would not have approved Prince Bismarck's action. In fact, Mr. Gladstone himself reserves his judgment on that point, though we do not doubt for a moment that if he ever had to deliver his judgment on it, he would deliver it, and deliver it strongly, on the right side. None the less, — so stupid is mankind, — his name will be hereafter claimed as an authority on both sides : — for the side of courage and justice by his true followers in Great Britain, and for the side of fear and persecution by Prince Bismarck's adherents in Germany.

It seems to us, therefore, that the political effects of this publication will be of a very mixed, and needlessly mixed, character. It contains a noble protest on behalf of the sacredness of individual conviction, and of the final authority of the individual conscience. It is an unanswerable demonstration of the civil dangers inherent in submission to an absolute Church. It must clear Mr. Gladstone of the suspicion of Romanizing with all sensible men, forever. So far all is well. But it apparently places the justice done nearly half a century ago to Roman Catholics on a most insecure, feeble, and untenable ground. It raises imaginary hopes of a kind which seem to us almost childish as well as delusive. And it lends to one of the greatest political blunders and worst religious offences of the present day at least a shadow of authority from a spotless and illustrious name.

From The Saturday Review.
ITALY.

THE condition of Italy is one of the few topics on which Liberals can now touch with unmixed satisfaction, and Mr. Baxter has studied Italy with sufficient attention to make his picture of the peninsula attractive and interesting. A Scotch audience was sure to hear with delight that cabdrivers in Italian towns hate priests, and that at Naples ecclesiastics seem to be disappearing with the bad smells of the place. But any audience is awakened to sympathy by the utterances of honest enthusiasm, and Mr. Baxter is so enthusiastic a friend of Italy that the

Italian population generally seems to him to look as if it washed more than before it had Victor Emmanuel for its king. But if he is enthusiastic, Mr. Baxter may safely say that his enthusiasm rests on a basis of solid fact. His picture of Italy is as true as it is glowing. The activity, the life, the energy of emancipated Italy are prodigious. When Mr. Baxter said with glee that the progress he saw at Rome reminded him of the United States, he used a comparison which few except Scotch working-men could listen to without a shudder. But there is a real foundation for the comparison between modern Italy and the United States. The Italians have really had a new birth, and have an ardour of youth which is of the true American type. They have gone ahead by leaps and bounds; and the wonders of Chicago are almost rivalled by the rapid growth of cities which, like Genoa, Leghorn, and Rome, seemed a few years ago sunk in a mild decay and verging on a dreamy death. It may be added that although, like the Americans, the Italians have their rowdies, their Sicilian Texas, their rival platforms, and their passion for local jobs, yet, like the Americans, they have a profound faith in their institutions, and manage to keep them going, and are carried through little difficulties by cherishing a great purpose. Nothing in Italy is more remarkable than that so many different provinces, separated for ages by barriers of government and geographical obstacles, should not only have united, but should show so very generally the same happy consequences of union. Material prosperity displays itself everywhere, and, as Mr. Baxter said, even at Venice they are building new houses and dredging the canals. Eighteen millions sterling have been paid for the purchase of ecclesiastical estates, and this speaks much for the wealth of Italy and for its future advance in riches. Italy is and always must be essentially an agricultural country. It has no manufactures. It has neither iron nor coal. But it has a splendid seaboard, and almost inexhaustible capacities in regard to climate and soil for producing the best fruits of the earth. When the St. Gothard Tunnel is made, Genoa will be the port of a large district of Germany and Switzerland, and the Venetians hope to see Venice displace Trieste as the centre of the trade of the Adriatic. But Italy is, with these exceptions, its own market, and Italy, like France, can only grow

really rich by making the most of its own soil. France has lately shown how solid and vast may be the wealth of a country in such a position, and a few more years of activity, peace, and good government would place Italy not far behind France in the stable possession of agricultural wealth.

"Brigandage," Mr. Baxter informed his friends at Dundee, "is not compatible with free institutions." Nothing, unfortunately, could be more untrue, as Mr. Baxter might easily find to his cost if he made a tour through Mexico or any of the republics of Central America. What brigandage is not compatible with is an active population and a strong government. It is because in every corner of Italy the people are beginning to exert themselves, because roads and railways and harbours are being constructed, and because the government is determined to put brigandage down, that Italy may look forward to the day when it will be free from its ancient curse. The policy of the present government is a policy of stern repression, and a ministerial majority means a majority in favour of stronger measures than have as yet been tried. The present government also insists on the necessity of looking at Italy as a whole, and not sacrificing the national credit to humouring the whims or consulting the wants of separate localities. The policy of the Opposition is to uphold local independence and personal freedom. There are a few representatives of the ecclesiastical power in the ranks of the Opposition, and a few Republican fanatics. But the mass of the Left do not wish to quarrel with the dynasty of Piedmont, and they blame the Right for not treating priests as harshly as they deserve. The real struggle between the parties is a struggle between those who wish for free institutions with a strong central government and those who wish for free institutions with a weak central government. All Italians, with exceptions not worth noticing, are in favour of a united Italy, antagonism to the priests, the retention of Rome, and Parliamentary government. So far it may be said that all Italy is for free institutions. But after that point is reached there is room for considerable divergence. The Right wants the government to be able to act sharply and promptly; it urges that in finance the first thing is to uphold the national honour, and that Italy should steadily pay its creditors, and, what is more, should

make its creditors sure of being paid. The Left does not approve of processes out of the sphere of ordinary law; it prefers that brigands should be acquitted by juries rather than that they should be condemned by military magistrates; it insists that localities which make great sacrifices to pay national taxes should have some little compensatory favours accorded to them. All Italian politics have so strong a Liberal tinge, if the present state of Italy is compared with the past, or if Italy is compared with most of its neighbours, that it is in one way quite true to say that the struggle is only between Liberals of two different shades. But the struggle is nevertheless a serious and important one. Any one who read Mr. Baxter's speech might naturally think that Italian prosperity went on without embarrassment and like a machine; and if our attention is confined to general results, there is some reason for using such language. But if we look at the process by which Italy is made to advance, we see that Italian statesmen have many difficulties to overcome, many failures to deplore, many jealousies and much ignorance and apathy to conquer. When the real working of the free institutions of Italy is studied, the wonder is not that there have been so many ministerial blunders and catastrophes, but that an intelligent and reasonable policy has been on the whole so steadily and so successfully pursued.

The elections held last Sunday have shown a general result favourable to the government. The system of voting which requires the successful candidate to poll a third of the electoral body, and forces him, if he fails to do this, to a second trial of strength, seems to answer no obvious purpose, and the number of those actually voting compared with the number of voters inscribed seems strangely small. A correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Venice, describes the apathy that prevailed there, and as in nearly half the electoral colleges of the kingdom the highest candidate failed to secure the support of a third of the inscribed electors, it might seem as if this apathy had been general. But the impression appears to prevail in Italy that the elections have been well contested, and have excited an unusual amount of interest; and the failure in so many places of the highest candidate to obtain the necessary third is probably to be attributed to the electors thinking the man they preferred so sure to win that they did not take the

trouble to vote for him. General La Marmora, for example, got 299 votes at Biella, and his opponent only five, and yet there is to be a second election held. Florence elected Ricasoli, Peruzzi, and two other less distinguished members of the Right, and there was practically no opposition; and yet these four candidates have to be balloted for to-morrow, because the number of voters supporting them was insufficient. At Rome, again, none of the elections held last Sunday were final; but there was some warmth in the contest, and if both parties were active, it certainly seems strange that in no case should the successful candidate have obtained the necessary third. In two districts of Rome Garibaldi was proposed, and it might well happen that many Italians would like neither to vote for Garibaldi nor to vote against him. But in another Roman college a Jew was at the head of the poll, and it seems curious that a body of Romans should not have made up their minds whether they wish a Jew to represent them or not. It is calculated that, when all the final elections have been held, the government will have a majority of at least sixty, and this in a chamber of 508 is as large a majority as a prudent prime minister would wish. It is very useful to a government, for the purpose of keeping its supporters together, that the Opposition should not be too weak; and it is to be observed that the greatest gain of the government has been in Piedmont and Lombardy and Tuscany, districts which are perfectly free from brigandage, while in the Romagna parties remain as before. The only two colleges at Naples where a final result has been obtained have returned members of the Left, and in Sicily the Opposition is expected to gain seats. In other words, strong measures against brigandage are supported in provinces which they will not touch, and are opposed, or at least questioned, in provinces which they will touch. This is by no means a result which a government sure of a working majority need regret. It is a very good thing for Italy that it should have a strong government, but it is also a very good thing that the measures of this government and its acts should be closely watched and narrowly criticised by those who represent the districts where its action is to be most immediately felt.

From The Spectator.

EXPECTED DISRUPTION OF THE FRENCH PROTESTANT CHURCH.

THE Reformed Church of France seems to be on the eve of a great schism. It is split up into two parties, who differ from each other about the fundamental dogmas of Christianity; and the strife has become so bitter, that all hope of a reconciliation must be dismissed. The quarrel was not begun recently, but it was brought to a practical issue by the Synod which met in 1872, for the first time after a lapse of two centuries. The descendants of the Huguenots did not bring their orthodoxy unscathed out of the fire which on the eve of the Revolution scorched the sanctities of France. Religion was so much a reality to them, that they could not, indeed, become Voltairians, but many became so "liberal" in their theology that they might have been denied the title of "Christian" in this country. They felt that the old theory of Biblical inspiration would not bear the scrutiny of modern scholarship, and they tried to free the theology of their Church, so far as they could, from the dogmas that chiefly excite the ire of criticism. That was not an easy task, in a Church which had accepted the rigid dogmas of Calvin. The only way to liberalize its teaching was to give a figurative interpretation to such doctrines as the incarnation, the resurrection, and the ascension. More than a generation ago a large party contended that Protestantism should free itself from the swaddling-clothes of subscription to rigid creeds, and should be content with a general declaration of faith in Christ, without asking who Christ was. The Orthodox party retorted that no Church ever was or ever would be held together by so vague a profession of belief, and they insisted that those who denied the evangelical doctrines of Christ's birth, his death, his resurrection, and his ascension into heaven, had no right to remain in the same religious community as those who held those dogmas to be essential to Christianity. The strife became intensely bitter in Paris some years ago, on account of the boldness and the eloquence with which M. Coquerel *filis* preached a mystical Unitarianism in the name of Protestant Christianity. The Orthodox party declared that such teaching was a scandal to the Reformed Church, and an occasion of malicious delight to her enemies. The controversialists of Rome had predicted that Protestantism could

not stop on the inclined plane of private interpretation, but that it would slide down to the abyss of rationalism, until it should find itself in company with a scoffing hostility to Christianity, and indeed to religion. Bossuet, De Maistre, and all the great apologists of Catholicism, had warned the Protestants that in cutting themselves loose from the see of St. Peter, they had parted from the one safeguard of their faith; and the small pupils of those great teachers have pointed to the doctrines of M. Coquerel *fi*ls, and to the applause which they excited among the descendants of the Huguenots, as a proof that Bossuet and De Maistre were right. Protestants like Guizot agreed with the Catholic censor so far as to admit that the only safeguard against rationalism was a more or less rigid creed, but the Orthodox Protestants could not enforce their opinions until M. Thiers permitted the Synod to be convoked. M. Guizot had exerted all his influence to obtain that favour, and his chief object doubtless was to stop the flood of rationalism. Both parties knew that the meeting was to be a trial of strength, and in truth the debates let loose the pent-up bitterness of years. Each side was represented by men of great ability, eloquence, and learning. M. Guizot flung himself into the discussion with the energy of youth. M. Chabaud-Latour, who is now the minister of the interior, took part on the same side. M. Bois, one of the most learned theologians of the Church, shaped most of the resolutions. M. Coquerel *fi*ls and a crowd of young pastors and elders defended the Liberals with brilliant eloquence, but the Orthodox voters were victorious. They carried resolutions to the effect that the Reformed Church was based on the sovereign authority of the Scriptures, and on faith in Jesus Christ, who died for our sins, and was raised again for our justification.

M. Guizot next urged the government to let the Synod publish that declaration of faith, and the question was referred to the Council of State. At first the Council would not admit the legality of such an act, but it withdrew its objections when the Synod promised that it would not interfere with the liberty of the Churches or with the conscience of the worshippers. The Synod then met once more to draw up the conditions of election, but this time the Liberals did not appear. They contended that it had not been regularly convened. Nevertheless,

the Synod decreed that the electoral rights of the Church should be given to no one who would not, either by word of mouth or writing, declare his belief in the doctrines specified by the resolutions. That edict was made very important by the fact that the constitution of the Church is strictly Presbyterian, and hence elections are alike frequent and necessary. Each church has its own presbytery, which is chosen by the congregation. For every 6,000 persons there is a consistory, made up of the presbytery of the chief church in the consistorial district, and delegations from the lesser places of worship. The consistories are important bodies, because they not only manage the funds, but they also appoint the pastors. Thus the disfranchisement of the Liberals would throw all the governing power and all the pulpits into the hands of their foes. But many of their congregations refused to pay the slightest heed to the orders of the Synod. They alleged, indeed, that those orders were illegal, because they had not been submitted to the Council of State. The question was brought before the minister of public worship by some Paris electors who had been struck off the rolls for refusing to sign the synodical declaration, but he ruled that the complaint was invalid. Meanwhile, he proceeded to annul most of the elections which had been held in defiance of the new regulations. All the rebellious congregations and consistories, however, were, if the *Journal des Débats* is rightly informed, not warned at the same time. The notices were sent at irregular intervals, and they were also distributed in a somewhat capricious fashion, if it be true that Rouen has escaped the ministerial visitation, in spite of the notorious fact that its elections have been as illegal as some which have been annulled. The inference of the Unitarians is that the government wished to proceed as quietly as it could, in order to prevent a general uprising. But if such was the design, it has failed. The Liberals held a great meeting at Nîmes, on the 7th and the 8th of last month, and they then drew up an appeal in which they virtually defied the government to do its worst. The chiefs of the party have also come to Paris, and they are said to represent forty-two consistories, 260 pastors, and 350,000 Protestants. They have been arranging their plan of defence, and they are to lay their case before the minister of public worship so soon as he shall return to Paris. Mean-

while, the Orthodox Protestants have held a meeting at Montpellier, under the presidency of M. Bois, and they have published a reply to the appeal of the Unitarians. It is a very eloquent and able document. They say that they accept those great fundamental truths of the Gospel which were declared by the Synod, and the Liberals, they add, wish to preach and vote in the Church without believing in the divine revelation made by the Scriptures. The Liberals seek to throw the doors open to "all systems and all negations." But that demand is absolutely new, and hence those who make it will be responsible if there should be a schism. The Liberals appealed to the glorious Huguenot history which is common to both the parties, and to those fathers of French Protestantism that they both venerate; but the reply is that those revered men acted in a way which condemns M. Coquerel fils:—"Ils avaient fondé leur Eglise non sur l'indifférence des doctrines, mais sur la foi." The Unitarians appeal to a faith in their "common master and Saviour, Jesus Christ," but the faith of the two parties is fundamentally different. Nay, the Liberals do not say what they believe, for the all-sufficient reason that they do not agree among themselves. The Orthodox Protestants, then, protest against the insinuation that they seek to strip the Liberals bare of all the pecuniary advantages derived from a connection with the State. M. Bois and his friends are quite willing that the heretics should form a compact with the government, if they will only withdraw from the Church, and honestly appear in their true colours. But separation or submission they declare to be indispensable.

We do not yet know how the Liberals will finally act, but they may choose between three obvious courses. They may bring the quarrel before the National Assembly, and demand the condemnation of the minister who has sanctioned the conditions of the Synod. As, however, all the Right and many members of the Left Centre would take the side of the Orthodox section, that would be a hopeless course. Secondly, they may bring the dispute into a court of law, on the plea that the regulations are illegal; and they will doubtless do so, if they should fail to obtain satisfaction from the government. Or finally, they may demand that their places of worship shall be handed over to them, that they shall receive a

due share of the funds now allotted to the whole Church, and that they shall thus be formed into an independent body. Such, we believe, would be the best way of restoring peace, but we suspect that the majority would resist any attempt to give the ancient chapels to men who have fallen away from the Huguenot faith. They will remind the government that there are Orthodox members even in the most heretical congregations, and that the place of worship should be left for the faithful few. The Liberals, on the other hand, will energetically resist any effort to strip them bare of churches, and they will certainly use every political and legal means of defence. As the minister of the interior is himself an ardent member of the Orthodox party, it is far from improbable that the government may refuse to grant the demands of the Liberals, and in such a case, the dispute will inevitably be carried to the Assembly and the courts of law.

We do not wonder at the determination of the majority to drive the Unitarians from the Church. However good Liberalism may be, yet it was preposterous to expect that M. Guizot and his friends would continue to let all the rights of the Reformed Church be exercised by men who denied every one of its fundamental doctrines, or who gave them such an interpretation as to make them mystic poetry, or who taught a Christianity which is only a system of philosophy and morals. Nothing but bitter strife and hatred could come from such a union, and separation is essential for the sake of peace. But if it is true that the Liberals have 350,000 adherents, the State will act with a very high hand indeed should it take away all their places of worship. It would be better to treat them generously, and let them try the experiment of forming a Church without a creed. The spectacle would be interesting and instructive to this country, as well as to France. But meanwhile, it is a remarkable fact that such a negation of belief should exist among the descendants of the Huguenots, who were once as precise Calvinists as the Scotch themselves. When more than 300,000 of them refuse to make even the most general declaration of belief in the divinity of Christ, the resurrection, and the ascension, a fundamental change has indeed come over a Church which has added imperishable chapters to the history of France.

From The Spectator.

THE POSSIBLE RESURRECTION OF POLAND.

To the regular, fairly informed English politician, nothing in foreign politics appears so unlikely as the resurrection of Poland. It is more unlikely than the resurrection of Italy seemed to the late Lord Derby. The country has been divided for a hundred years, is held by three great military empires, and has in a degree, though not entirely, lost its national spirit. Although its people number nearly twelve millions, or excluding Posen and Podolia, above eight millions, and are very brave, and in certain directions very able, they are still but half civilized, they are wretchedly poor, and they have scarcely a trace left of coherent organization. A successful insurrection from within has become impossible, and the distant friend on whom they have relied, and relied in vain for a century, has become powerless to help them. To all appearance, Poland is ended; and yet we believe, of all great changes in Europe, the resurrection of Poland as a great and independent State is one of the most possible. Englishmen fix their eyes too exclusively on the relations between Berlin and Paris, and forget, what Germans never forget, that Germany has a second danger to the eastward; that an empire nearly as strong as France stretches for hundreds of miles along her frontier, and advances within 150 miles of Berlin. That empire has ever since the partition of Poland been allied in one way or another with Prussia, but since the creation of Germany and the dismemberment of Denmark, their interests have begun to diverge, and nothing now holds them together but a family alliance. Should any cause, such as danger in Russia from German Liberal opinion, or an attack on Denmark which threatened to seal Russia up in the Baltic, or any difference of view as to the government of Poland, rupture that alliance, the position of Germany, held as she is between two first-class Powers, one of which can never pardon her, while the other can pour her troops over a frontier totally undefended by nature, would be not only serious but dangerous. Of course such an occurrence is a mere contingency, but still it is a contingency involving the national life, and is the one which, though Germans talk little of it, induces them to submit so patiently to the ever-increasing demands of the mili-

tary department. They have but one grand danger to fear, but that one might demand the whole strength of the people to meet it; and consequently the whole strength of the people is about, according to the latest telegrams, to be placed at the disposal of the government.

Supposing the contingency to occur, it is evident to any one who remembers what the strength of France and Russia really is, that Germany would be under the pressure of three necessities. First, she must strike some tremendous blow to the eastward without moving the mass of her armies far from her own territory, or repeating the gigantic blunder of the Moscow expedition, allowing her gigantic foe time to gather up her full resources. Time is the Russian difficulty; time to concentrate troops and supplies over her enormous territory, with its thin population, its severe climate, and its imperfectly developed communications. Secondly, the result of the war must be one which would permanently protect Germany, by separating her frontier from that of her mighty neighbour; and thirdly, the result must be accomplished without the addition to the empire of indigestible masses of men differing from Germans in race, in creed, and in civilization, men as hard to incorporate as Great Britain has found a portion of the inhabitants of Ireland. There is but one way, even should fortune still adhere to the German standards, by which all those ends could be secured at once, and that is, by undoing as far as possible the work of Frederick the Great and his allies, and reconstituting on a solid basis the independent kingdom of Poland, to be governed by a German prince, and guaranteed for some years by the German Empire. The prince is at hand in the person of the Catholic Hohenzollern who now governs Roumania, for the Hapsburgs have always been ready to exchange Galicia for the Rouman principalities, which control the key to their house, the embouchure of the Danube. The new kingdom, with probably ten millions of people, singularly brave and apt for military life, would form a solid outwork for the German Empire, and enable it to relax something of the frightful tension under which it at present lives. That tension cannot endure forever. No civilized and industrious race will consent to remain liable up to the age of forty to active service at the call of its head, and yet, with the new military laws in operation both in

Prussia and France, it is difficult to see how that tension can be relieved to any perceptible extent.

The contingencies, improbable as they may be, which we are discussing, have not of course escaped the eyes of the astute statesmen who guide the councils of St. Petersburg, and they are said to be producing there a very satisfactory result,—a desire to try once more whether it is not possible to conciliate the Poles. If that result could be assured, if Czar Alexander as king of Poland could be as secure of his subjects in Poland as he is of his subjects in Russia, the position of the Russian Empire would be indefinitely strengthened, and the chances of any future collision with Germany materially reduced. The final chance of such an arrangement has not yet disappeared, and the Poles, who no doubt are given to illusions, are hopeful of concessions which would make them once more feel as if they possessed a nationality. How far their hopes may be justified we are unable to say, but it is certain that they are hopeful; that they expect concessions as to the position of their country, as to their language, and as to their religion; and that they are disposed, with the sanguine vivacity which impairs an otherwise fine national character, to ask a little too much, more than either France or England have ever yet conceded throughout their dominions. We have no Irish army; the French government has just rejected the Prussian system, because it would have created Breton and Southern *corps d'armée*; and we do not think St. Petersburg would ever concede a native Polish army. Austria made that concession to Hungary, but it was only after a series of defeats, and at a time when the very existence of the monarchy appeared to be in peril. Still, should affairs in Berlin ever appear as threatening to Russia as they now are declared to be favourable—though an odd telegram announces that “a proposal for a revision of frontiers,” made by Russia, has been rejected—the Poles may obtain much; and as we have said the restoration of their nationality, dead as many people suppose it to be, is not, in the course of the next ten years, entirely

out of the range of political possibilities.

It remains only to consider how the resurrection of Poland, supposing it to occur, whether as a result of war or as a measure to prevent war, would be regarded in this country. We believe opinion would be altogether favourable to it, though it would, strange to say, in all human probability be injurious to our interests. With Poland contented, Russia would be able to throw much more of her strength to the south and east, and to make fresh efforts for the solution of her pressing and difficult problem, the acquisition of some revenue-producing territory in Asia which would relieve her finances of the burden the Asiatic empire now involves. Russia has half a continent to govern up there at the back of the world, without a revenue sufficient for the thorough and civilized organization of a single province. Her fleet at Saghalien must cost her more than Siberia yields. Every change which throws her eastward must make this burden more pressing, while it must increase her means for getting rid of it, and every such change must therefore be *pro tanta* menacing to Great Britain. A violent change, indeed, supposing it possible, would make the freedom of the Bosphorus matter of life and death to Russia, for her real outlet would then be southward, and the freedom of the Black Sea would be to her what that of the Baltic now is, an object of the keenest anxiety and the most persistent precautions. Nevertheless, Englishmen always approve, and are, we believe, right in approving, the rise of any nationality distinct enough and historic enough to lead a separate life of its own. The worst result of all that has occurred in Europe since 1865 is that the disappearance of all small states seems to have become a mere question of time, and the rise of a new one with an old though suspended history would be welcomed as some compensation for all the changes Europe has undergone. The more numerous her states, the less possible will be those huge military movements the fear of which is turning Europe into a standing camp.